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JULY 28, 29, & 30.

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"The Bystander" Enclosure at Henley, which was open to a limited number of Subscribers during the late Regatta, has been retained, at the general request of patrons, for the Olympic Races of July 28, 29, and 30. The Enclosure will be conducted with every regard for the comfort of visitors; and the price of admission will, as before, be 10*s.* 6*d.* daily. Tickets for the Enclosure, which, it will be remembered, is situated between the Phyllis Court and The Lawns Clubs, are limited in number, and no time should be lost by those who desire to secure admission.

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No. 241.—Vol. XIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 15, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE LORD MAYOR OF BRISTOL (Sir Edward James) Knighted by the King

EDWARD THE BUSY: OUR EVER-ACTIVE KING AT BRISTOL

Where he lunched at the Art Gallery, replied eloquently to seven addresses, opened the new Royal Edward Dock at Avonmouth, and Knighted the Lord Mayor. Our only—and respectful—criticism is: "Is his Majesty working too hard?"

No. 241.—Vol. XIX. Wednesday, July 15, 1908

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Latest Record Flight

Mr. Henri Farman's aeroplane making its twenty-minutes (and 19 sec.) twelve-mile record flight at Issy, near Paris, on July 8. Mr. Farman thus beat the great eleven-mile flight of M. Delagrange at Milan in June

Photo *Bolak*

The Busiest Reign

Surely the present reign will be recorded by history as "the busiest ever." Never was, or will be, probably, so bustling a monarch as King Edward—and one whose bustlings are so uniformly beneficent. It is almost impossible to keep pace with the King. But a week or so ago treaty-making off the coast of Russia, he has, within a few weeks, "done" Ascot and Newmarket with all the seriousness that those occasions demand; given State garden-parties, attended weddings and the theatres, presided at a Levée, declared open a University in the North, and a dock in the West, making suitable, and even eloquent, speeches to fit each occasion. Then aboard his train, and back to Town to open Olympic Games before assembled thousands. Dear, dear! How does he do it? Many mere business men would have collapsed at one-half such a programme.

* * *

Overdoing It?

The only criticism I venture respectfully to pass on this is to ask whether his Majesty is not overtaxing his strength in so very rigid an adherence to duty? In the interests of the State, let him be implored to be a little more negligent—in common parlance, to "slack off" a bit. I might add, too, in the interests of the monarchical principle, for is he not setting up a standard of kingly activity which it will be well-nigh impossible for a successor to maintain, unless he combine the strength of a lion with the geniality of a lamb? For how bored, indeed, would nine out of ten average men (and women) be with the obligation to smile ever, to frown never, no matter how prodigious be one's popularity or how excessive the loyalty of one's admirers.

* * *

Mirthful Royalty

Her Majesty the Queen has been no less indefatigable. Though not always his Majesty's companion in the graver duties, such as attendance at Newmarket, her Majesty has put in quite a lot of time lately in patronising various deserving charities. And how thoroughly she seems to enjoy these little jaunts on her own, if one may so term them, and how irrepressible is her delightful smile. Royalty, indeed, seems to have a sense of humour quite peculiarly its own, and finds amusement in most unexpectedly trivial episodes—dropped handkerchiefs, blown-off hats, and the like—which evoke but sighs from the lowlier among us.

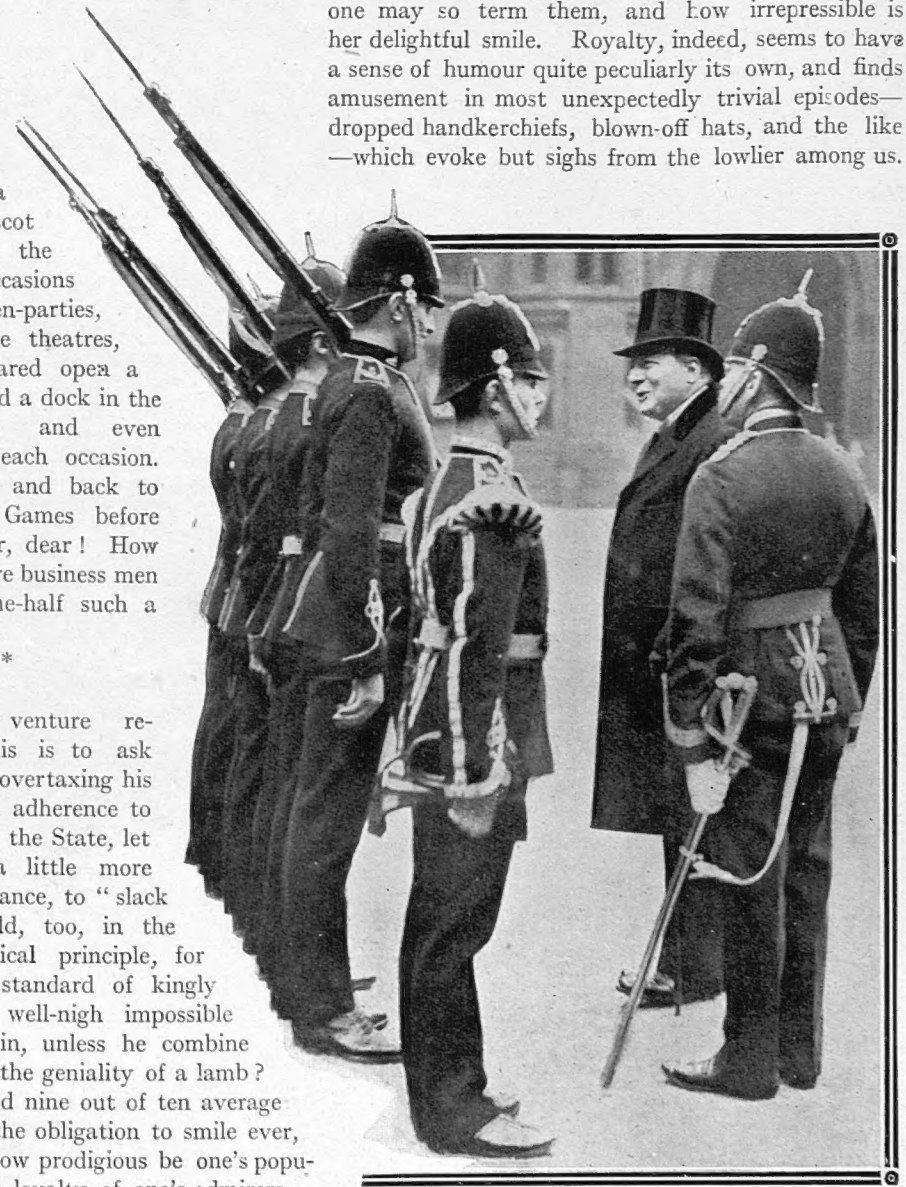


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Haldane, at Manchester, finds Something to Inspect in the Territorial Line, after all!

Our War Minister, who has given the country a beautiful theory called a national army, at Manchester University, inspecting the University Company of the 6th Battalion Manchester Regiment of Territorials in the Quadrangle

The King Talks to the West

Is Bristol's New Dock Ruinous?

At Bristol, by the way, the Queen looked, I am told, a perfect "love" in pale mauve, and much admiration was the share of the Duchess of Beaufort in pale blue satin, who looks so very distinguished with quite a young face and grey hair. Bristolians confirm my remarks of last week about the dock. "It will ruin the city," remarks one prominent citizen, "for it has cost so much and is being paid for out of the rates, which have been made so high that all the people are leaving their houses and going to live in the country."

* * *

The State Ball

The State Ball at Buckingham Palace is always an interesting affair to those in the know, for not alone are there many heart-burnings with regard to the invitations, but many are the i's that are dotted and t's that are crossed according to the manner of the treatment vouchsafed different aspirants to Royal favour. The King and Queen are graciousness itself, and on the occasion of the ball that has just taken place they extended the number of invitations to many who have duly earned them by merit and wealth.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The King Delivering his Speech

"It is necessary to the development of the resources of the country, and to the cause of progress, that scientific and technical education should be encouraged in every way."—*The King's address to the Merchant Venturers of Bristol*

Royal Dancers

The King, in a Swedish Admiral's uniform (a compliment to the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, who were present), looked well, and the Queen seemed to wear even more jewels than at the opening of Parliament. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught, with other Royalties, were present, and much dancing by them and the general company took place.

* * *

A Dustless Palace

At Buckingham Palace the State rooms are remarkable for an utter absence of dust, which will, usually, in the most beautifully kept palaces, leave traces on ladies' gowns. At the King's parties, however, the Court and other trains remain absolutely immaculate, although they have swept along both ballroom and staircase.

Henley Olympic Regatta

"The Bystander" Enclosure will be open, as before, but at a reduced charge, viz., 7s. 6d. per diem. All facilities, Luncheon, etc.

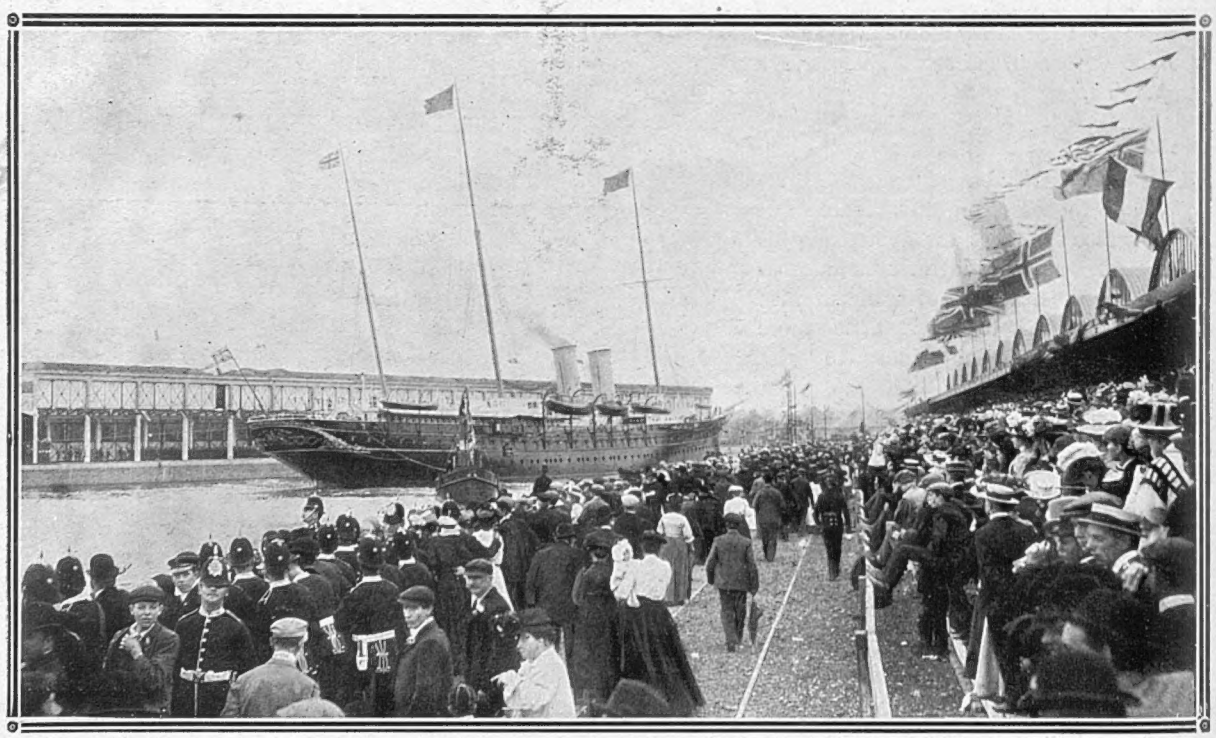


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Royal Yacht, their Majesties on board, opening the new "Gate of the Western Ocean"

Bristol Waxes Enthusiastic

A STREET-SCAPE DURING THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE WESTERN CITY TO OPEN THE NEW DOCK

In enthusiasm and decorations Bristol surpassed itself in welcoming the King and Queen last week, in the elegance of which the fashionable Park Street was easily first. Whatever anxiety the citizens may feel as to whether the great new £3,000,000 dock will pay, they showed nothing but joy at the Royal visit

Fashionable Cricket at Lord's

Happy This Time?

Will the daughter of the late Mr. Jay Gould find happiness this time in her married state? The Prince de Sagan, her new husband, comes from an unruly stock, his mother (now Duchesse de Talleyrand) having, as Princesse de Sagan, caused much talk in France by her fashionable eccentricities. The American bride, when on her honeymoon with the "wicked" little Count Boni de Castellane, started with undoubted troubles. While staying at the Hôtel des Roches Noires, at Trouville, she looked utterly wretched, although she had just gone through a magnificent wedding ceremonial. Count Boni, whose many fair friends had followed him to the fashionable Normandy watering-place, is said to have neglected his newly-made bride, leaving her for hours together in angry loneliness, "scenes" being frequent, and even violence being darkly hinted at. The American millionairess, undaunted by the squandering propensities of a titled husband whom she divorced, now treads afresh the dangerous path of moneyed matrimony. May she fare better!

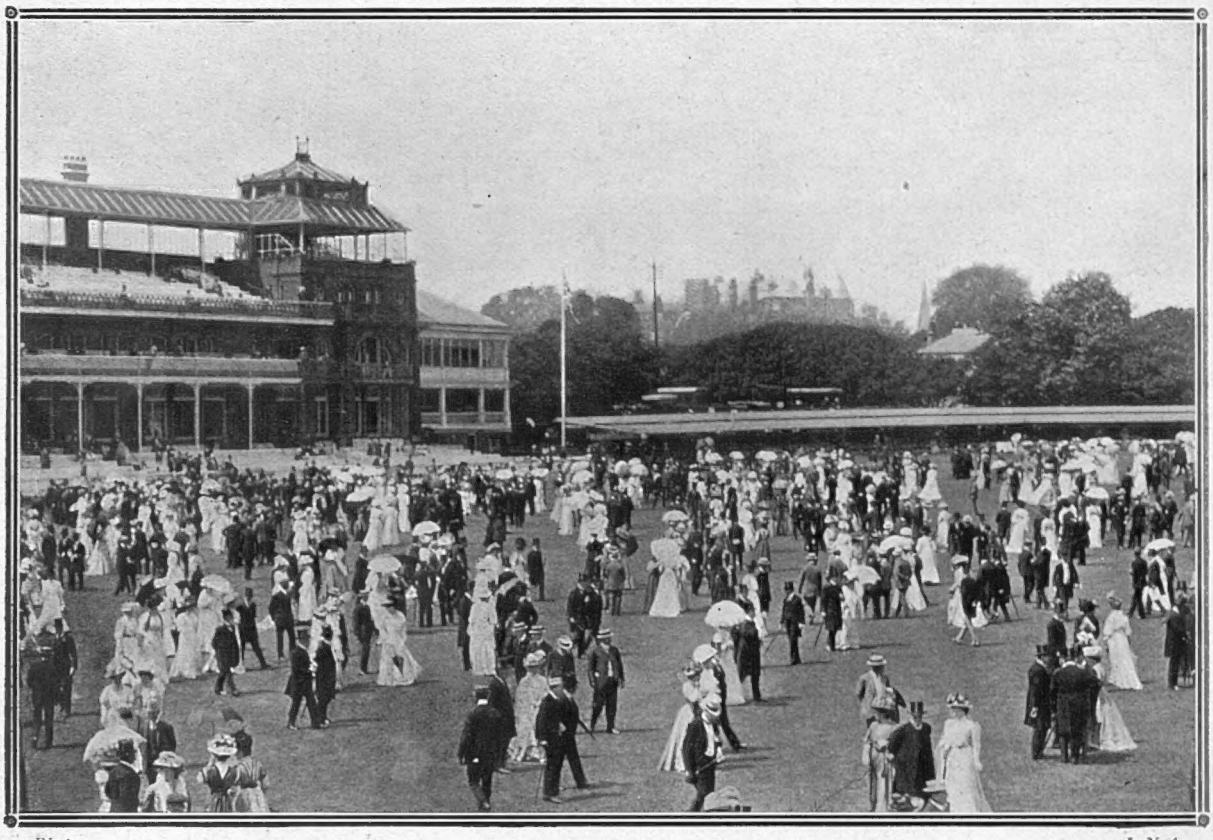


Photo *L.N.A.*

Inter-'Varsity Cricket at Lord's: On the Ground During the Luncheon Hour

The victory of Oxford over Cambridge at Lord's by two wickets was the first beating Cambridge has had in this match since 1903. The play was watched by large crowds of fashionable people

* * *

The Fate of the Veterans

"Gratitude—not Charity." Such was the pretty device under which "The Fête of the Veterans" took place at the Old Ranelagh Gardens. These old-world grounds lent themselves particularly well to the quaint entertainment, so modern amidst the aged frequenters of the place. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by Princess Patricia, arrived punctually, the Duke, looking much thinner, performing the opening ceremony with a kindly little speech for the old soldiers. A bugle call and the roll of the kettle-drum followed. The Duchess of Connaught looked exceedingly well in dark-blue and white *foulard*, with a dark-grey coat, richly *soutachée*, and a large black hat with ostrich feathers. Princess Patricia was lovely to look upon in a white dress and a large leghorn hat with masses of multi-coloured sweet peas. This charming young Princess proves that it is possible for Royalty to look *chic* as well as noble. The Duchess of Sutherland wore a Princesse dress, and Lord Churchill looked on in a most stylish get up. The Duchess of Albany headed a noble bevy, and such admirable workers as Lady Llangattock, Lady Bective, and Lady Rothschild gave zest to an army of helpers.

Overcrowding Maud Allan

Pretty girls seemed innumerable, all the beauties of the season having assembled in the good cause. An immense programme was carried out. There was, of course, a great rush for Miss Maud Allan's dancing, which took place in the open air. A delightful spot had been selected, forming a natural setting of greenery. As the time for her dancing came nearer, the crowd was so great that many smartly dressed ladies, having paid a half a guinea extra, were content to sit on the grass quite close to the green cloth platform. There was quite a polite scrimmage when word came that Miss Allan would *not* dance if the public approached so closely. When, however, all was pleasantly arranged, the classical dancer appeared.

Notabilities—Very Varied

The Little Son of the Late Lord Chelsea
Who, five years old, is now the heir to the wealthy Earldom of Cadogan

Photos
Mr. Guillamore O'Grady
Appointed Dublin Herald of Arms in succession to Mr. F. R. Shackleton

Photos
The Hon. Henry Brougham

Although she gave some of her selections, Miss Allan, much to the disappointment of the audience, did not give Salome. Whether the open air and the unfavourable bright light was the cause, the performance, though really graceful, did not have the usual glamour, the dancer's uncovered lower limbs showing uncompromisingly in the daylight, and distracting attention from her graceful evolutions.

* * *

A Shilling a Day for Heroes!

Miss Margaret Cooper performed in the Eldorado Palace (the Duke and Duchess of Connaught being present a short time). Mr. Cyril Maude gave "French As He Is Spoke" at the Veterans' Theatre, and pretty actresses sold all sorts of things everywhere. Many were the kind things said to the old veterans. John Howton, ninety years old, and quite blind, was singled out by some Society women for special attention. In his old-fashioned uniform, this hero of bygone days bore himself well, as, led by a devoted daughter, he proudly showed his numerous medals. And yet, one shilling per day is the munificent reward for this brave old soldier! A great success seemed assured, and pleased faces were the rule as

TWO NEW IRISH APPOINTMENTS

the visitors, loaded with parcels, rode away in their smart carriages and smilingly remembered the brave old veterans.

* * *

The Homespun Fete

Again the Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia, was to the fore in a good cause when calling (on the way to the Children's Party at Buckingham Palace) at the Duchess of Sutherland's "At Home" for her annual "homespun" fête. The Royal ladies made several happy selections from the stalls. The Duchess of Connaught wore an art-blue gown with handsome embroideries in Empire style, her hat matching in tone; and Princess Patricia wore a pretty embroidered

An Indian Hostess in London
Wife of Mr. Ratan Tata, the Parsee merchant prince, who gave a garden-party at York House, Twickenham, on Monday

Lafayette
Mr. George D. Burtshaell
Who succeeds Mr. F. B. Goldney as Athlone Pursuivant

Gabell
The Hon. Diana Sturt

A COURTSHIP THAT CAME INTO COURT

Mr. Brougham's engagement to Miss Sturt (the daughter of Lord Alington, to whom he was announced to be married last Monday) was mentioned in the Courts last week, Mr. Brougham having been sued by a moneylender for £710. He cited his engagement to Miss Sturt as evidence of his being over age, whereat the plaintiff's lawyer interposed a denial. "He was," said that gentleman, "engaged to another lady at the time!"

Activities of All Sorts

white dress with an elegant little silk coat in a peculiar shade of *moutarde*. The Duchess of Sutherland, who personally conducted the Royal guests, looked well (if a little tired) in rose-red silk and lace. Every smart woman seemed to have accepted the Empire-Directoire style.

* * *

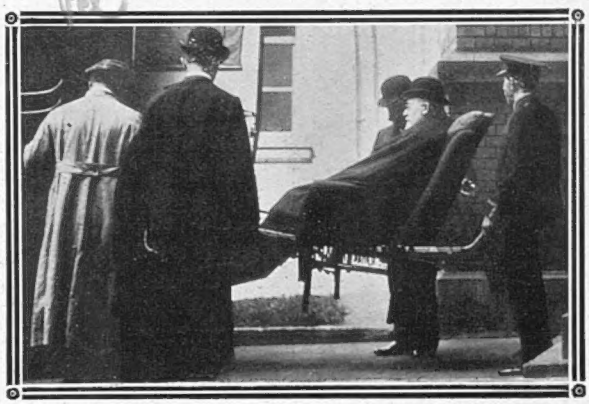
Some Costume Contrasts

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson's gown was very effective, the graceful Hayward line being distinctly noticeable, and the entire brown effect being reminiscent of a tawny moth. The Duchess of Wellington, in a picture gown and purple hat, brought Lady Eileen Wellesley, charming in a white net dress and large hat. Miss Muriel Wilson, her gown setting off her brilliant beauty, came with her mother. Lady Castlereagh, Mrs. Ronalds, Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn, Lady Juliet Duff, and Miss Chaplin were all very busy. Miss Meresia Nevill was in purple. Lady Archibald Campbell was in pale blue, an effective contrast to her daughter Miss Elspeth Campbell's brown attire. Mr. Henry Ainley came with Miss Suzanne Sheldon, his wife, and was much noticed, perhaps because of his peculiarly shaped high silk hat. Lord Knaresborough brought Lady Knaresborough; Mr. William Gillette, a popular bachelor, provided many lady friends with flowers; Lady Frances Balfour was charmingly discursive about Suffragettes; Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, Mrs. and Miss Ganz, enjoyed the tunes of the Scots Guards' Pipers snapshot which shows that, at all events, the two men at present ruling India are "on speaking terms." Judging by the faces of Lords Minto and Kitchener, their relationship is quite congenial. True, it would be somewhat difficult for the Commander-in-Chief to be on on the Terrace, and the guests wandered to the celebrated red-brocaded *salon* for tea.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Doggy Duchess

Her Grace of Newcastle, as great an authority on harriers as on fox-terriers, judging the latter at the Ladies' Kennel Club Show at the Botanic Gardens last week



Photo] **Tragedy** *[L.E.A.*

The invalid Prince Eulenburg, whose trial is paining Germany, carried in a chair from the Law Courts in Berlin to his motor-car for the Hospital Charité

Photo *World's Graphic Press*

Matrimony

Madame Anna Gould and her new husband, the Prince de Sagan, leaving (somewhat hurriedly) the French Protestant Church, Soho, after their nuptials

* * *

A Minister for Feuds?

If things go on as they are much longer there will have to be a new Cabinet office—President of the Board of Feuds. He would exist to promote amicable relations between Governors, Generals, Ministers, Officials, and Admirals at present not on speaking terms. It might suit Mr. Lloyd-George *when* he finds the Exchequer too technical for his Celtic temperament, which will not, I suspect, now be long. Of late there have been far too many of these petty squabbles between leaders of men. Scarcely a single department of the Empire is there that has not, of late years, been made unworkable by such personal dislikes. One has only to recall the Curzon-Kitchener and the Long-Macdonnell affairs, and their effects on the Indian and Irish situations, to realise the danger of such squabbles; while the Fisher-Scott-Beresford affair threatens danger on an even more disastrous scale.

* * *

Military and Civil

Talking of this, by the way, it is a real pleasure to me to be able, on page 116, to publish a

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Charity (or, rather, Gratitude)

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Fête of the Veterans. His Royal Highness opened the Fête in fine weather, which, alas! thereafter was anything but fine

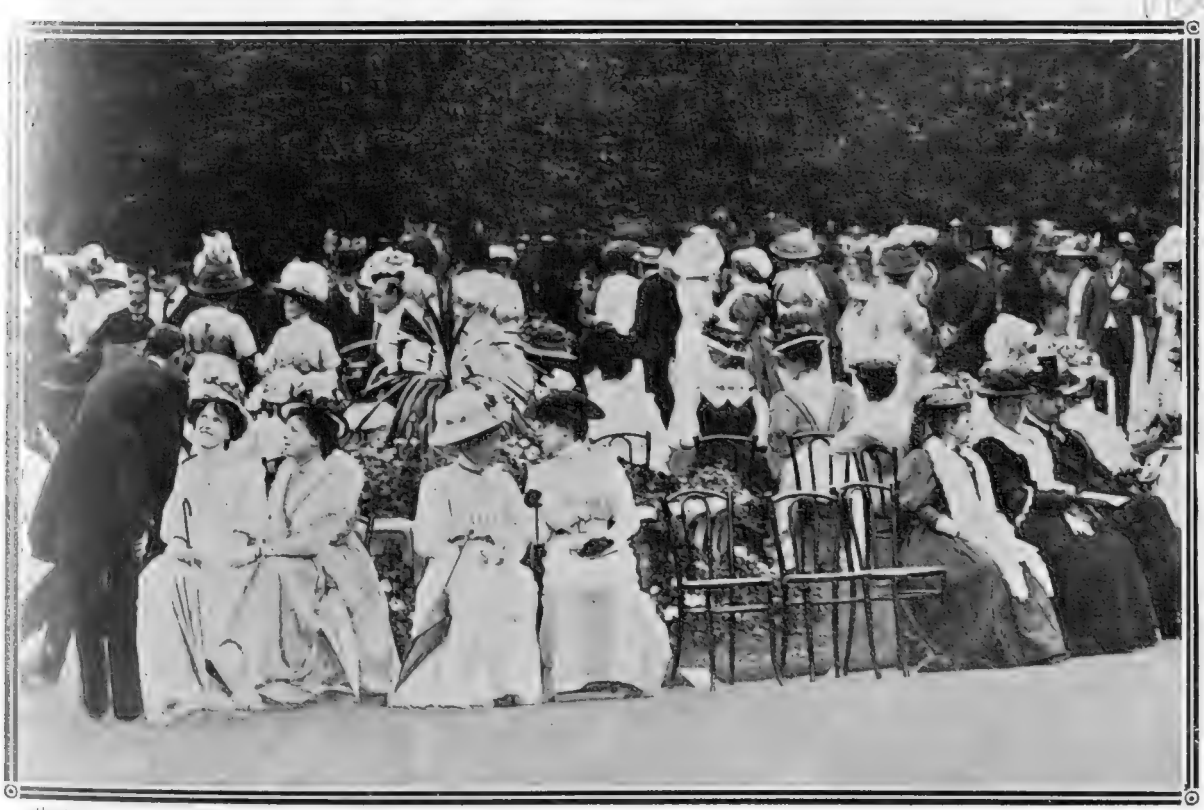
THE Garden Fête AT Stafford House

Miss Muriel Wilson (on left)

The Duchess of Sutherland

The Duchess of Wellington and her Daughter, Lady Eileen Wellesley

THE HOSTESS HERSELF AND SOME DISTINGUISHED GUESTS



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

On the Lawns at the Duchess of Sutherland's Garden Party at Stafford House in aid of the Scottish Home Industries Association

The Duchess of Sutherland's annual homespun garden party at Stafford House, where Society meets to buy the products of the Scottish Home Industries Association (and to look charming in hats and gowns from Paris), was as brilliant an affair as ever. Though her Grace was not attired in a Shetland shawl, she looked very nice in rose-pink .awn and a hat of two shades of grey. The Duchess of Wellington, too, looked far from homespun in Oriental-hued silk and picturesque hat. The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia we.e there, the former in art-blue, and the latter in white embroidered muslin and a large *paille d'Italie* hat. Miss Muriel Wilson also wore a large hat. The homespuns and other things were sold from stalls under the trees

Two Chiefs Who Are on Speaking Terms

Photo LORD KITCHENER LORD MINTO *Pittar*

Two Rulers of Empire who are Actually on Speaking Terms

The Viceroy and Lord Kitchener in earnest converse at the Simla Summer Races at Annandale on "Kitchener Cup" day last month. Remembering the relations which existed between "K." and the previous Viceroy, Lord Curzon, the snapshot is a pleasant one

any other terms with so passive and pacific a personage as the Viceroy, who is the very embodiment of the attitude of *laissez-faire* now in vogue in Downing Street. Indeed, Lord Minto—who is looking somewhat greyer than of yore — was probably selected for his present post as a soporific after the too wakeful and strenuous Curzon. Time, too, is setting its seal on "K." himself. He is not, really, so unpopular as he once was. Military men are beginning to be less critical of his martinet severity, for, on the whole, he is a just and even a courteous, as well as an exceedingly able, chief. They do say, too, that "K." is not nowadays nearly so good a judge of character as once he was. His dislike of the sycophant seems to have softened considerably with experience of his uses, and it is said that more than one "incapable" at present enjoys his positive confidence!

* * *

Taft or Bryan?

So it is to be Bryan *v.* Taft for the Presidency, and America has the satisfaction of contemplating a real meeting of Greek and Greek—if you can apply that graceful phrase, so suggestive of the lithe and lissom, to two such very bulky personalities. From what one hears, Taft is the likely winner. America seems still to linger faithful to her Republican love after some twelve years of wedlock, despite the blandishments of the saucy Democrat. Here is something for Britons to ponder over. Such consistency to a party which professes a love of the existing order of things is likely to make our Tories green with envy. Had Bryan been a Briton; had so silver-tongued an orator courted office for twelve solid years, assuredly we should have at last rewarded him. While Roosevelt remained, Yankees might have been pardoned for refusing to listen to another. But Taft is not Roosevelt. As a personality, he is less than Bryan. Why, then, do all the forecasts point to a victory for him? Really, if our cousins are so very loyal to respectable politics, we shall suspect them of being less bright than we have hitherto thought them. And we shall have seriously to consider the necessity for asking Mr. Bryan, on his defeat, to step over this side and see what he can do for us. For, by next November, I rather suspect there will be a vacancy in the Premier job, so many and so varied are the messes at present being made in Downing Street.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

In Mournful Mood: President Roosevelt on his Way to the Funeral of ex-President Cleveland

After Roosevelt—Taft or Bryan?

PLATFORM PEDAGOGICS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RIVALS

Photo L.E.A.

From Stereograph Copyright, 1908, Underwood and Underwood, New York

MR. TAFT CHAFFING THE DEMOCRATS

On the occasion of the dedication of the Ledyard Memorial Flagstaff at Newhaven, Connecticut

MR. BRYAN MAKING HAY OF THE REPUBLICANS

In View of the Coming War

HOSTILE POWERS BUSY BY SEA, SKY, AND LAND

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Defence and Offence (by Sea): Part of our First and (oh! that Theoretical Army!) Last Defence at Deal Ready for Anything

What with Mr. Haldane's army fiasco and the naval scandal, we have no cause for any particular jubilation as to the state of our defences just now. As to the Navy, the state of things is certainly subversive of discipline, and therefore destructive of efficiency

Photo] **Offence (by Sky): Count Zeppelin's Airship (Germany's Bid for the Command of the Air) over Lake Lucerne** *[Hamilton*

The Kaiser's characteristic letter to Count Zeppelin on the successful flight of his airship shows his Majesty's keen interest in airships as weapons of offence. In fact, the Emperor sets great hopes on these machines in the next war—when it comes

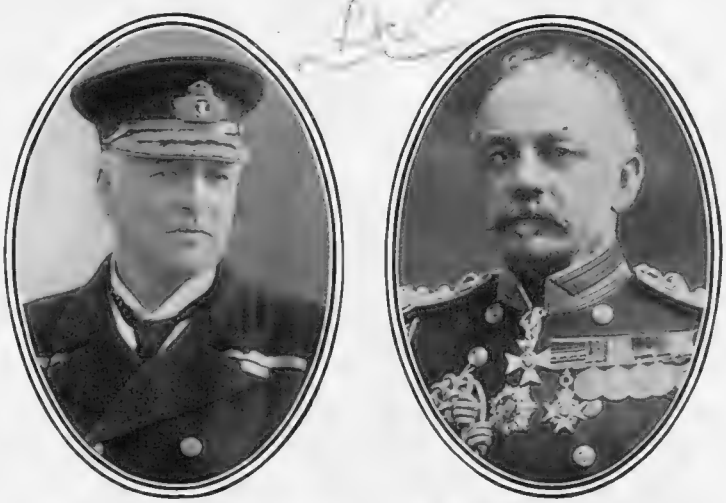
Photo] **Solely Defence (by Land): Past Volunteers who will (perhaps) be our Future Saviours** *[Halftones, Ltd.*

The Trafalgar Square meeting of ex-Volunteers, addressed by Colonel Ford, who formed themselves into a somewhat nebulous legion of hearth and home defenders

The Naval Feud and the National Safety

Are We Prepared for War?

As to the European situation, nothing fresh seems to have happened. That is just the danger. Things are always more serious when nothing is happening. All I know, at present, is the general and painful fact of the actual relations between the two Powers, Britain and Germany. All the friendly *ententes* are as naught beside the one fact of Germany's angry isolation. If the issue lay between the British and the German peoples, surely in his senses no man would be in fear of war. Which-ever won by it, both would lose. Strong as our Navy is, we could only beat Germany by dint of a Titanic struggle, and what would our precise gain by a successful naval war with the Power? An increase of taxation likely to cripple the country for a generation. A successful war with England would mean much the same to the Germans. They would gain nothing that they are not gaining as well by peaceful means, in the stealthy walks of diplomacy and on the broad highways of commerce. No. So far as the two countries themselves are concerned, neither wants a war. The question for us is: Can we contemplate the prospect of one with Germany at the present moment, when our Army is non-effective, and our Navy is, alas! a house divided against itself? Should war break out and find us unprepared, the responsibility on the heads of those whose diplomacy has led up to it will be terrible, and REVAL may be written in somewhat red letters on the graves of certain, at present, honoured reputations.



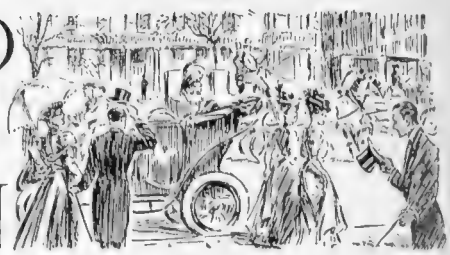
Photos **"They Do Not Speak as They Pass By"** [*Russell*

Admirals Beresford and Scott, whose personal quarrel, dating from the famous signal reprimand of last November, led to a confusion in last week's Channel Fleet Manœuvres caused by the alleged disobedience of an order. For some time past, it has been stated that the two Admirals are not on speaking terms. The effect of the quarrel on naval discipline at a moment of acute international tension is deplored as dangerous to the national safety

Photo *Topical Agency*

Forward Scarfoglio! An Interlude in the Round-the-World Motor Race: The Italian Car Zust (nine days behind the Americans) Stopping at a Japanese Village

ROUND THE TOWN



Her Majesty from Two Points of View

London sculpture has received a dignified addition in Mr. Geo. E. Wade's large figure of her Majesty the Queen at the London Hospital. Strangely enough, the most beautiful Queen England has known has not hitherto been complimented by a public statue in London. It must be almost the only compliment that has not been paid to her Majesty a thousand times already. Personally, I don't feel that the present statue is a great work of art, but it is highly competent and pleasant, and far better than those of most of the Queens who reign in stone or metal over the London streets. But a generation which pours constant abuse upon Mr. Gilbert's beautiful fountain in Piccadilly, and wishes to dictate to the sculptor who is decorating the Medical Association's building, will not be too critical, and the first statue of Alexandra will, doubtless, long remind future generations of her beauty and kindness, her dignity and grace.

* * *

The Queen Among Her People

The irony of things as they are, and the art-editor, place a photograph of her Majesty at the Franco-British beside the stately statue of the London Hospital. It will interest many to see how easily the First Lady of our land overrides such little difficulties of juxtaposition. Whether she happens to be in her splendid Coronation robes, standing for future generations to admire, or whether she chances to be joining the people of to-day in a journey on the Scenic Railway, the same grace and beauty, simple taste, and noble mien inspire her actions and environ her majesty.

* * *

A Dozen or So New Productions

It is generally supposed that the affairs of the stage are at their lowest ebb about mid-July. Perhaps readers hope that with the summer nights the would-be critics cease from troubling and the "dramatic reporters," as Mr. Bourchier called us, with his usually graceful humour and grammatic freedom, are at rest. On the contrary, the critics are uncommonly lively, and, as for the producers of plays, they appear more vigorous than ever this summer. For four Mondays in July Mr. Patrick Kirwan gives his charming performances in the fine gardens of the Botanic Society. This year he began with *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, by that sixteenth-century writer, Samuel Daniel, who was justly praised by many, and of whom Ben Jonson spoke as "a good, honest man . . . but no poet." Somehow, he managed to delight his age, and he amuses ours. What poet can do more? On the first Monday, *The Vision* was followed by a wisely curtailed version of *The Tempest*, in which Mr. Kirwan played Caliban to the Miranda of Miss Hayward with excellent effect. These plays in turn were followed on the next Monday by *Narcissus* and *Twelfth Night*. Given a fine evening, there is no more picturesque and delightful performance to be found in Town than that of the company which acts under the name of "Idyllic Players."

Photo *L. N. A.*

The Queen on the "Scenic"

On a private visit to the Exhibition the other day, her Majesty, putting aside all ceremony, went for 1¼ miles' exciting run on the Scenic Railway, mixing freely with the ordinary passengers. She was accompanied by Sir Dighton Probyn, seated on her right

* * *

The Court

But although there is this pleasing energy at Regent's Park, it is in Sloane Square that the greatest efforts have been made. The Court Theatre appears now to have entered upon a somewhat wild career, during which all sorts and conditions of management succeed one another with the rapidity of pyrotechnics, if not with quite the same brilliancy. As a matter of fact, these changes are very interesting. For example, the Irish Stage Society and the Celtic Association between them produced quite a number of small plays during their crowded hours of glorious life. When within three days or so you can see a prize Irish peasant play by Mr. Padraic O'Conaire, in which actors with the names O'Suillibhain, MacDonachadha, and MacGabhaun appear, a Welsh drama in that language, several plays with music, and a duologue or two, it must be a poor playgoer whose heart fails to rejoice. Perhaps neither the gaiety nor the pathos of nations will be affected by these productions, but they show a cheerful energy and a hopeful heart. Although not epoch-making, there

In Her Perpetual Honour

Phot *Mills*

THE FIRST STATUE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA, WHICH WAS UNVEILED AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL LAST WEEK

The first statue of Queen Alexandra which has ever been executed was unveiled on July 10 by the Earl of Crewe at the London Hospital, in which institution her Majesty has always shown the deepest interest, the installation of the Finsen light cure for lupus having been her personal gift. The statue is in bronze, and represents the Queen in her Coronation robes. It is the work of Mr. G. E. Wade

A Devil Dancer at the "Pav."

were certain points about the more important plays which promise well for the future. Alas! that in middle life promises of this kind are like pie-crust—very difficult to believe in.

* * *

An Excellent New Play

Following the Irish and Welsh Societies, Lady Maud Wilbraham and Miss Granville invited the world to witness four new one-act plays in aid of the Children's Hospital at Shadwell. On this occasion some pieces were produced of which the world should hear again. *On the East Side* is an extraordinarily clever and original example of the one-act play of our period. It deals outwardly with the life of foreigners on the East side of New York. Psychologically it treats of the varying points of view of an old Greek father and his son, a modern New Yorker; of old ideals and modern sanity, and of the painful victory of the old over the new. Those who cry out against the stupidity of our plays and audiences and the commonplace character of our acting, should have the opportunity of seeing *On the East Side*, played by Mr. Harcourt Williams, Mr. O. P. Heggie, and Miss Auriol Lee, and the excellent others. It will give such critics pause, and inspire with hope all those who care for the future of the English stage. The author who writes as Christopher St. John has already shown her ability in many ways. One remembers an excellent novel of a few years ago and a translation or adaptation of *The Good Hope*; but in *On the East Side* this lady finds herself completely, and shows a mastery of her art such as few playwrights of our day possess.

* * *

Not Accidentally Upside Down

One of the many queer attitudes accomplished by Alexia, the Devil dancer, now at the London Pavilion

The Anarchists

It was a somewhat ironic fate that decreed that *On the East Side* should be preceded by Mr. Rowan Orme's tragedy in one act. Never was a little, made-up, artificial piece better planned to set off a real play. Miss Esmé Beringer, Mr. Godfrey Tearle, and Mr. Vane were the best anarchists in the world, and the plot was as pat and horrific as well could be. One knew just what was coming. True to his convention, the author gives us pistol-shots and death—and an admirable foil for the truth and bitterness of *On the East Side*.

* * *

Classic Dances

There is a really curious "season" at the Duke of York's just now, where Miss Isadora Duncan is giving a few dances, in which she is occasionally supported by a handful of little pupils. This lady is said to be the originator, more or less, of the style which Miss Allan has made so popular. But it must be owned that a whole evening of dances and choruses from Christopher Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulide*, with Miss Duncan and a few children, grows a trifle boring. The music is delightful, the pupils fresh, simple, and charming, the dancer herself accomplished to the last degree, and yet the affair has very tedious patches. There may be a cult for this sort of thing, and for half an hour one can fully enjoy its restful beauty; after that one can, of course, come away.

* * *

A Heavy Levée

The King's levée last week proved to be quite a heavy function, certainly in regard to the long list of people in attendance, and the many presentations, possibly in other directions also. Although the Services are so fully represented, some variety obtains on these official occasions. Such diverse peers as Lords Morley and Rothschild rub

A Valli Exalted

Photo *Bassano*

MISS VALLI VALLI, WHO HAS BEEN PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF LEADING LADY IN "THE WALTZ DREAM" IN PLACE OF MISS GERTIE MILLAR

Owing to Miss Gertie Millar's long-promised visit to America, the part of Franzi in "The Waltz Dream" is to be taken up by Miss Valli Valli, who has for some months past been appearing in that bright and merry *Revue*, "Oh, Indeed!" at the Empire. She previously played with great success in several of the Lyceum productions, and has scored great hits in provincial pantomimes

Mixed Company at the Levée

shoulders, and such sympathetic personalities as those of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Imre Kiralfy form part of the same circle. Lord Blyth presented the hero of the Franco-Brit, who might find new worlds to conquer at Court. It is a commercial age. A few years ago it was thought that the late Mr. Whiteley would have run the South African War on much better lines than did our Generals. Perhaps the pageantry of St. James's, although, of course, still presided over by those mysterious and important people with the heraldic names, would be none the worse for the hustling methods of the Shepherd's Bush impresario. EGAN MEW.

* * *

"Zen-otello"

One of the most interesting performances at Covent Garden this season was the revival of *Otello* on Wednesday week, a work which has not been heard in London for four years. Not only is it remarkable for having been composed by Verdi when he had almost completed four-score years, but the performance itself was noteworthy for Mme. Melba's reappearance in a part she has not sung in for sixteen years, and especially for M. Zenatello's unqualified success in the rôle of Otello, created and made memorable by Tamagno. The announcement was made that the tenor was suffering from hoarseness, but I feel certain no one could have wished for a finer rendering of the part than was given on this occasion, cold or no cold. M. Zenatello's singing was not only admirable throughout, but he was eminently successful in the interpretation of the moods of love and hate to which the Moor is a prey. If a pun be permissible in discussing so serious a matter as opera, I should venture to suggest that M. Zenatello might in future be known as "M. Zen-otello"! I must confess to have been a little disappointed in Mme. Melba. With the tone and quality of her voice it is for no one to quarrel, but I cannot say that she entered into sufficiently close sympathy with her character, and her Desdemona is certainly, artistically, far from being on a level with M. Zenatello's Otello.

* * *

An Opera of Passion

Should the Sicilians perform *Malia*, or one of their other plays, in the form of an opera, we could not witness a more passionate representation than that of *Carmen* at Covent Garden with Mme. Maria Gay in the title-rôle. Nothing could be finer, and we can only re-echo last year's cry that here at last is an ideal Carmen. Not only is she the possessor of an exceptionally full and attractive voice, but she is a consummate actress. Hardly less successful was Signor Marak as José, who showed no signs of the indisposition which had postponed the earlier production of Bizet's masterpiece. In sharp and striking contrast with the emotion and the passion stood the simple girl rôle of Micæala, ideally sustained by Mme. Rider Kelsy, a new American prima donna, who was as triumphant in her dignity and restraint as was Mme. Gay in her passion. H. P.

Photo *Park*

Politics: Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Morley

Two smiling Ministers on their way to St. James's Palace

Photo *Park*

Finance: Lord Rothschild

Sedately enters the Palace gates

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Showmanship: Imre Kiralfy and Sir John Cockburn

"Going to see the King, my boy!"

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Eulenberg's Black Eagle

Berlin cannot be said to be taking a pleased interest in the Eulenberg trial. After all, great pity is felt at the disgrace of a man who, by virtue of his unique ability and personal charm, exercised so potent a sway over the Emperor. Eulenberg himself is broken—utterly. The story, now being passed round, of his action in having the decoration of the Black Eagle, conferred on him by the Kaiser, painted over his breast in the great portrait of him at Liebenberg, so that successive generations might know that he bore Prussia's proudest honour, is pathetic. Evidently, the prince himself has little hope of escaping dishonour, even if he escapes actual punishment.

* * *

German Designs in Turkey

In spite of the denials in German papers, I have good reason to think my first impressions respecting General Baron der Goltz's visit to Constantinople are correct. The Kaiser feels rather sick at the hardly disguised dislike in Italy for the alliance with Germany. The Italian Government is obliged to uphold it officially, to counteract the strong anti-Austrian opinion in Northern Italy and the constant difficulties which crop up in connection with Irridentist manifestations at Trieste and elsewhere in "unredeemed" Italy. At bottom, however, Italy could not be counted upon to help Germany against France. The Anglo-Franco-Russian *entente* has, therefore, disturbed the balance to the detriment of Germany, and the Wilhelmstrasse gentlemen have only Turkey among the great Powers to fall back upon. Hence the attention bestowed upon every sign of intercourse between Kaiser and Sultan.

Princess Eulenberg and Her Two Sons Leaving the Court

Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, German Ambassador in Turkey

Who is in charge of Germany's ambitious designs in Constantinople. He is not, however, it is said, making as much progress as his master would like

* * *

The Bold, Bad Bieberstein

Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, if anybody, should have been able to pull off an understanding with Turkey. He is as wily and astute a diplomatist as the

Photos *Topical Agency*

Ex-Camera Incidents in the Eulenberg Case, which is Exciting so much Sensation in Germany

Prince Eulenberg in his motor-car, in which he is driven to the hospital each day after the sitting of the Court, *in camera*, in Berlin

More Shocking Statues—A Dresden Disgrace

Kaiser can wish, but the Sultan is too familiar with his little ways to be taken in by them. The weakness of the old-fashioned German diplomacy practised by Baron Marschall is that unless it is duping somebody it is not fulfilling its purpose. At the Hague Conference last year the Baron's little ways were found out in due course, and there, too, he lost his influence. The Kaiser is highly displeased with this diplomacy, which has earned a reputation for trickiness, and defeats its own ends. It is, therefore, more than likely that General von der Goltz, who is not a diplomatist at all, has been entrusted with some sort of mission with a view to a military *entente*. Whether he will be successful in extracting any kind of undertaking from the Sultan is another matter.

"la pudique Albion." *Pudeur* and statuary will never herd together, and if Mrs. Grundy held her sway in France, the French sculptor would have to change his trade. In the Luxembourg Gallery there are not a dozen pieces which could scrape together enough drapery to clothe half a dozen nymphs. Mrs. Grundy's matronly idea that a slight drapery is more decent than none at all is a fallacy which every psychologist strives in vain to eradicate. Meanwhile, she prevents our sculptors from doing serious work. But for her British Art would certainly be able to take a high place among the world's sculpture. All we want is to be emancipated from the ignorant censure of a noisy few who, entirely devoid of artistic sense themselves, presume to dictate the taste of the country.

Photo *Bolak*

Another Outrage to Public Modesty! Shameless Statues in Dresden

We offer every apology to the public—especially to the innocent childhood of our land—for flaunting the disgraceful nudity of these shocking statues in its face. These demoralising works have just begun to flourish their shameless immodesty from the top windows of the new Municipal Guildhall in Dresden. If, as our perhaps cynical correspondent writes, Dresden "prides itself in being behind no city in the world in moral tone," all we can say is, so much the worse for Dresden's moral tone! NOTE.—*We publish this photograph, not to make a sensation, but to call the attention of every healthy-minded Englishman (including the Pan-Anglicans) to the dreadful laxity of public morals throughout Europe*

A Man of Scars

Baron Bieberstein was, physically, the biggest man at the Hague Conference. His strongly marked features, adorned with *Schmisse* from his student days, give him more the look of a warrior than of a man of peace. He speaks English well, and his French was among the best spoken by the non-French delegates. He rarely unbosomed himself or forgot for one instant that he had to uphold the prestige of his mighty Sovereign. Still, at times, over the Teutonic *seidel*, he would talk of the old academic days, and "rub a salamander" with the youngsters as if nearly fifty summers had not come and gone since he exchanged slashes with his fellow-students.

* * *

More Shocking Statues!

The fuss about the Strand statues is a humiliating reminder that Mrs. Grundy still has a good following, in spite of the ridicule of the Stage and Press. But in this matter, Dresden, as will be seen in our photograph of the new statues on the Municipal Guildhall there, is as shameless as London. The French used to call England, with appropriate irony,

France's Next King!

The Duke of Orleans is reaching an age at which he will have to decide whether he means to make a try for the recovery of his kingdom or not. So he has begun with a sort of manifesto of an academic character to show that he would be quite an up-to-date monarch if the French were to send President Fallières under an escort to the frontier and give him a chance. Those, however, who know anything of the Duke personally would never dream of his committing a *coup d'état*. He is too much of a gentleman, and, indeed, too modern and too good a Frenchman to wish to emulate Bonapartist methods. Moreover, the Orleans family have too good a time, with all the advantages of royalty without any of its risks and obligations, to allow the Duke to spoil their abundant good fortune by a dynastic adventure. The probability is that his Grace, having delivered himself of his message on Constitutional Monarchy to the French people and reminded them that Philip VIII., as his loyal subjects call him, is "ready," will subside again into silence for a few years to come. Meanwhile, we may now expect a Bonapartist bid.

Something Like a Pageant

Photo *L.E.A.*

THE PROCESSION OF OBELISKS IN UNFREQUENTED NOLA, NEAR NAPLES

Nola, the unvisited, the now un-famous little city with a famous past (for did not Claudius Marcellus beat Hannibal himself here in fair fight, and did not the Emperor Augustus die here in 14 A.D.?), lies in a Campanian valley about thirteen miles N.E. from Naples, Vesuvius behind, the Appenines before. It is worthy of greater attention from tourists for its antiquities, and, just now, for its picturesque religious festivals. At Nola, church bells are traditionally said to have been invented by Paulinus, bishop, poet, Saint, in the fifth century, and in honour of the Saint there is an annual festival on July 26, with games and processions, the most remarkable feature of the latter being the great obelisks, ninety feet high and weighing two and a half tons each, which are carried through the streets

Random Jottings

Of course, the Government has proposed many doubtful measures—Old Age Pensions, for example, the Education Act, the Miners' Bill. But it is going to feed the Olympic competitors. Let us be charitable, and place that to its credit, at any rate for the next few days.

* * *

The Government has missed an opportunity all the same. Tactful statesmen would have recognised a serious omission in the programme of the forthcoming Olympic Sports. There is no race for women, properly speaking. They are man-run, man-jumped, man-hammered sports, so to speak. There is no real chance for a Miss Atalanta Pankhurst to spring upon an astonished world.

* * *

A contemporary expresses the hope that "at every seaside place this summer our girls—if not our boys—should learn a dance of the sea-nymphs, as given by Miss Isadora Duncan and her pupils." That is right. Be enthusiastic at all costs. We are all for Greek dancing ourselves. But may we plead for half an hour or so off for some of the elder boys, who may like to bathe, or shrimp, or what not? And mayn't the poor old niggers and the fire-eater have a chance?

* * *

"Hygienic tea," from which the tannin has been extracted, is the latest invention for civilised drinkers. Well, well, it is best to be healthy, perhaps. No doubt the young man of the future, who wants to be thought a bit of a dog, will swagger into the temperance café and call out, "Waiter, I'll have a cup of tea. With the tannin in it, by Jove! D'you hear? A tea and tannin!" And we old folks shall shake our heads at him.

* * *

Dr. Watts' Whats

(*On the Navy*)

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
It is their nature to:
But Admirals' quarrels should be slight,
Their bickerings short and few.

If in their roomy vessels they
Cannot like birds agree;
If one wants Painting done all day
And t'other Gunnery;

If on dry land they both (and Jack)
Maintain their hostile poses,
And even at Levées look black
And *will* turn up their noses—

Why, we must find out which is wrong,
And he who spilt the gravy
(To use a phrase that's somewhat strong)
Should forthwith quit the Navy—

Forthwith! For real storms may be near,
And—since it's time to speak up—
We don't trust men who can't steer clear
Of tempests in a tea-cup.

* * *

New Zealand has sent over a boy marksman to Bisley. It is to be hoped that Little Englanders will bear this in mind next time they think of censuring our Colonies for the inadequate way in which they contribute to the defence of the Empire.

"The Territorial Army have three men to one horse. The same horses are used to draw artillery."—*Mr. George Wyndham, in the House of Commons.*

Our New Army: The Yeomantillery at War Practice

REFLECTION (*by near-lead animal*): "I wish I was back in the bathing-machine at dear old Margate!"

BY J. L. C. BOOTH

Keeping It Up to the Finish

"OH! ELBERT, DEAR, *DO* LETS HAVE A GO ON THE SORTIE BEFORE WE GET ALONG HOME!"

BY THORPE

TEA-TIME A

Photo

T RANELAGH

Illustrations Bureau

A Sylvan Sanctuary—till September

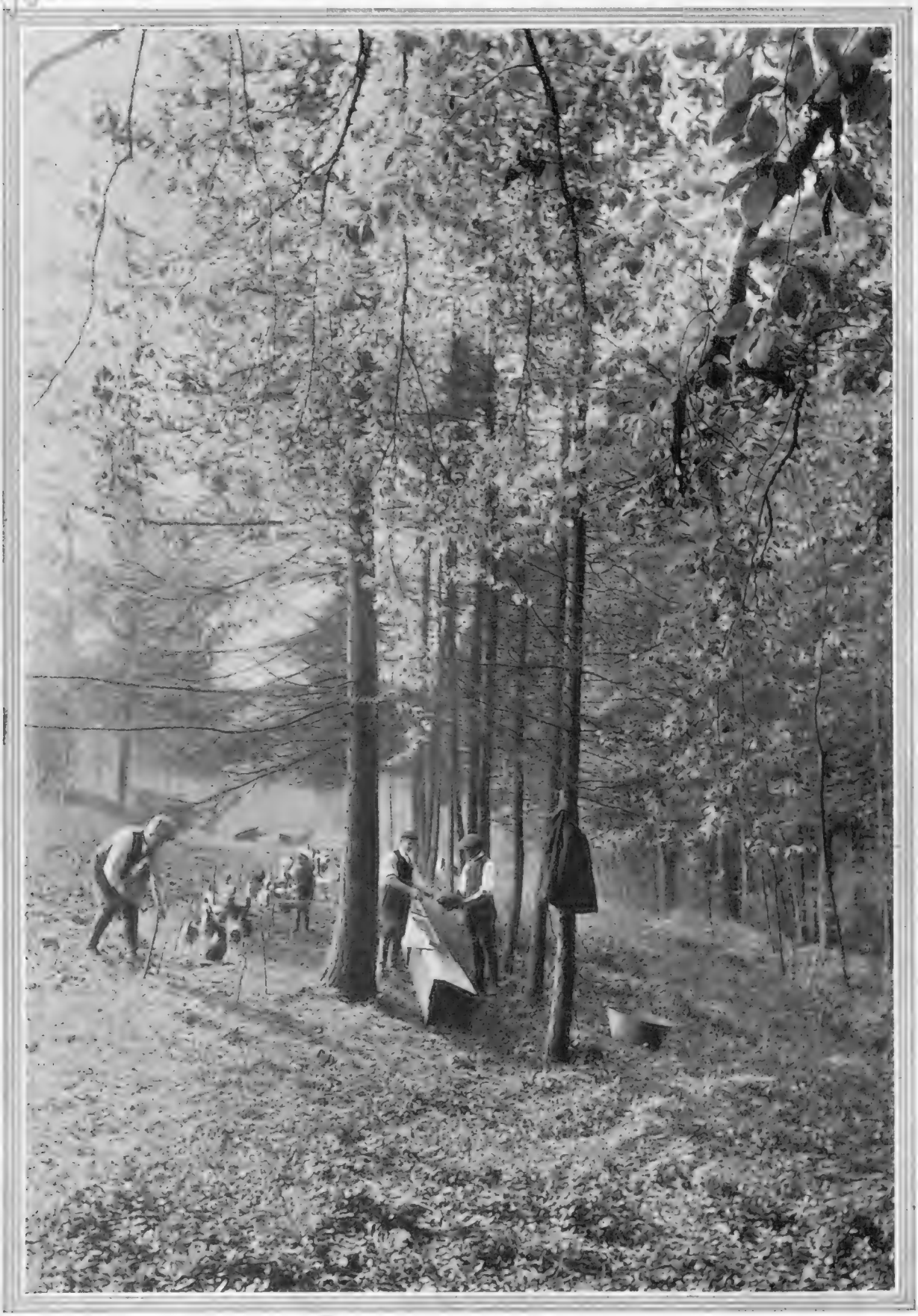
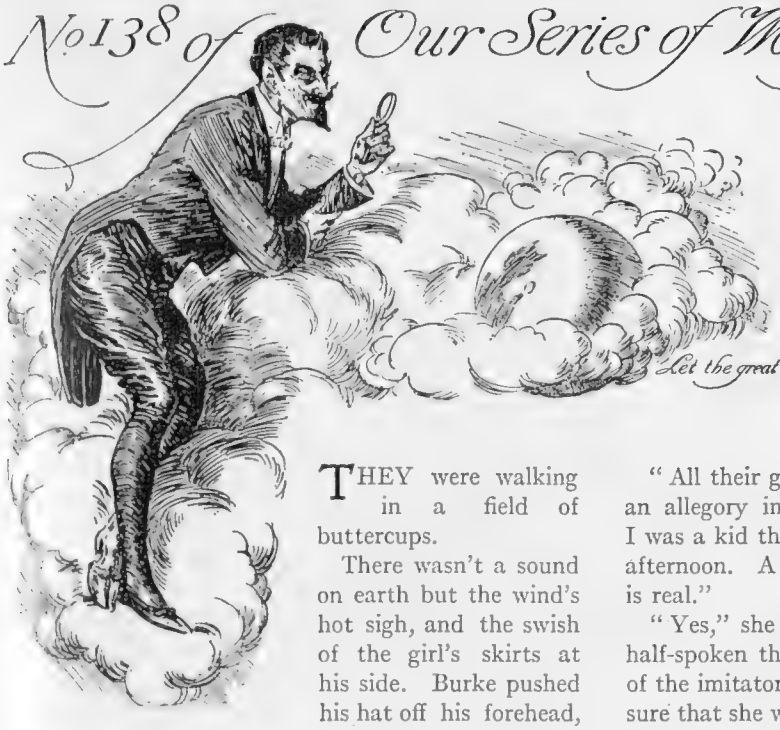


Photo *Newmann*

THE GAMEKEEPERS' TRIVIAL ROUND AND COMMON TASK: ATTENDING TO THE PHEASANT NURSERY

No. 138 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



Buttercups

By R. RAMSAY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THEY were walking in a field of buttercups.

There wasn't a sound on earth but the wind's hot sigh, and the swish of the girl's skirts at his side. Burke pushed his hat off his forehead, drinking in with all the thirst of the prisoner in a city the blessedness of this warm and lazy hush. All around them the sunshine had lit the grass into quivering golden fire.

And she—she was summer itself.

He looked at her. A man might be excused for confusing her with the roses, the sweet, irresistible buds petting in the hedge—for wanting to pluck her and put her in his coat. What charmed him most was the unsophisticated innocence, ranking her with the other blossoms that understood nothing, and gazing at him as if he were somebody who had come out of another world. So he had.

Burke was a young man of a solemn countenance, with kittenish lapses when off his guard. And the one thing that could make him blush was to mention "*The British Matron at Home*," which he was obliged to write for his sins, and for bread and cheese. His own work, in not unnatural revolt against the tyranny of fashions and mild stories all of love, was in a style acclaimed as strongly individual by the callow critic, and quite incomprehensible to the sane man of middle age. He was a cynic, an idol-breaker, who mishandled humanity in violent pen-and-ink. All that had dropped from him now.

She had a ridiculous sunbonnet thing on her head with dangling strings to it, and Burke felt an uncontrollable longing to tie those strings. What would she do to him if he tried? Would she laugh at him, and flit like a butterfly out of reach? Or would she catch her breath in a panic? He was shy of hurting her confidence in him, that untaught friendliness as of a young bird in late July, when it flutters in at your windows, and lies close to your hand in the grass. And as silence was dangerous to him, he broke the spell.

"Buttercups," he said. "There's a notion there for a story. I've got it. What a sight! Brilliant, useless—all the earth glittering. What a sight!"

She always listened to him with parted lips, as if he were uttering wonderful words of wisdom.

"But when the sun goes down," she said, wistfully, "they shut up, asleep."

"All their glory departing," said Burke. "There's an allegory in that. Chilly things allegories; when I was a kid they always made me shiver on a Sunday afternoon. A kind of frostiness, an unreality. *This* is real."

"Yes," she said, softly. She never jumped at his half-spoken thought, parading it inside out, the trick of the imitator. He could talk any nonsense he liked, sure that she was neither criticising nor understanding. It gave him a heavenly sense of security and of peace. But he could not bask in it while this irresponsible longing was making a fool of him. The sun must have gone to his head. He stopped dead, laughing at himself.

"Let me tie those strings for you," he said. "If you don't, I'll go crazy!"

The girl stood quite still in the bending river of buttercups, lifting her chin and submitting without a word; the pink in her cheek was paler. He thought she trembled at his touch—and his fingers, too, shook, brushing that smooth, soft cheek. His time had come. He had fallen a victim to that unfathomable instinct that drives men so often to put their happiness into the weakest hands.

"Will you marry me, Miss?" he said.

"Oh!" she said, "Oh!" Her eyes were eloquent with the rapturous, but to a man less sure of himself than Burke, the humbling gaze of an idolater. "But—I'm not clever!"

"Thank the Lord!" said the man devoutly.

He had finished the clumsy knot that had been fatal to him. It was too tight, and he undid it slowly; a wonderful occupation.

"You dear innocent. All the women I know are clever. All spiders, all engaged in spinning themselves a foothold out of their dwindling brains."

"I wish I could—spin," sighed Rose; "but"—she hid her face on his arm, making her horrible confession—"I can't even spell."

"You darling!" said Burke. "Don't envy their tiny lustre! All their shining's good for is to warn the mariners off the rocks. I say, let's turn round."

He took off his hat and flourished it at the sun.

"You can go down," he said, vain-gloriously. "Shut up; sink under the horizon. And furl up your buttercups. I don't care. I've got my own summer safe."

"Hush!" she said, "that's unlucky"—but faintly, because the idol could do no wrong. And they walked on in the burning afternoon hand in hand.

. . . . . .

"Rose is too young," objected her spinster aunts.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"We have brought her up carefully, and, while guarding her from the contamination of modern habits, have missed no opportunities in her education—if she could have profited. She is a dear child, but scarcely your intellectual equal. Don't you think it would be more suitable——"

Rose's lover hastened to explain, choking over an absurd fancy that they were about to suggest one of themselves, that her simplicity was her principal charm. Shaking their heads they admitted his right to judge. However, as guardians, they stipulated that his income should reach a certain figure before tempting Providence, and Burke, who had the idea of a great book in his head, undertook cheerfully that it should. Wasn't it an omen that he had come from that walk in the buttercups with his boots yellow with golden dust?

"I suppose," said Rose, wistfully, on the doorstep, "they told you I was too silly?"

He laughed at her; but his arm went round her quickly as if defending her from the dragons indoors.

"In one year from now," he said confidently, "I'll carry you off."

"To live with you in the stars?" she said, worshipping.

"Well," said Burke, "among the chimney-pots."

He wrote that book, and he called it *Buttercups*, but, although it was his masterpiece, he didn't discuss it with Rose. She was outside all that.

It was a book to be hugged and studied by the immense legion of disappointed women who overbear—in the libraries—the patient masculine inquirer for clean, easy, sentimental tales; and who, ignorant of the facts of life, magnify its wickedness and insist on sharing, vicariously, in what is, apart from the wild delights of imagination, vulgar and very dull. Burke was young enough to take a pleasure in shocking people who didn't matter, but it wasn't a book to lay before the girl you love.

He was toiling in his office with his coat off, perspiring over the Summer number of *The British Matron at Home*, when another man looked in grinning.

"Seen the latest review of your immortal work?" he asked. "Do you know you have been dealing with a forbidden subject, handling it with an utter lack of decency and restraint?"

"Good," said Burke.

"And your language—they don't call it style; it's like a mad dog in a dictionary."

He dropped his air of bantering quotation, and became almost respectful. Poor Cochrane groaned in a like bondage on the same floor, harnessed to a similar publication, more domesticated than Burke's, more awful. He was sick of begging his contributors for smoothness and a high moral tone.

"How it'll sell!" he said. "How the respectable public will gobble it up for purposes of condemnation. You'll be able to cut loose from this drudgery. Oh, it's fine! So gloriously immoral!"

"Yes, it's rather strong," said its author, complacently. "Rather strong."

Cochrane cleared a stack of papers off the corner of the table and sat down. He was of that not uncommon cut that looks old at twenty and looks young for ever after; and his eyes—when he dropped his glasses—were astonishingly eager in a pale, blank, stupid face.

"You know a lot of life," he said—himself knowing just as little. "You're a tremendous cynic. One could swear you believed in nobody, man or woman."

"There's one little girl," said Burke.

He could not help letting it out. The triumph in his soul had to burst out somehow. For months he had been working like a nigger, sticking to his odious occupation, and sitting up o' nights to his big effort of blood and fire. This book, just out, would make all the difference to his budget. Summer had come round again. He had won. He was going to marry Rose.

"Oho! said the other man, staring at him.

"You can grin," said Burke, unashamed. "*I* don't care. I'm the luckiest dog alive. She's—don't let me drivel, Cochrane; I'm capable of it. I'm off my head! I am going down there to-morrow."

"Good luck," said Cochrane, and then twinkled, recollecting one or two lurid passages. "I hope the goddess appreciates *Buttercups*."

"*She?*" said Burke. "She wouldn't understand a word of it, bless her. And her puritanical relations would forbid me the house. But the book's anonymous, and I haven't told them."

"I see," said Cochrane, cogitating. He looked out of the window upon the drays rumbling in, blocking the court below. The air was hot and heavy.

"You know," he risked, "I disapprove. What you want is a woman of the world—a sensible creature who'd back you up and push your ambitions, an intellectual comrade—not an adoring goose."

Burke, as the other calculated, was beyond offence.

"Thanks," he said. "I am sick of schemers. Oh, you blind donkey, can't you imagine the heavenly change of playing holiday with your heart?"

A foolish white butterfly flitted down the imprisoning strangeness of that dark alley. The lover saw it. Perhaps it had lain with closed wings like petals inside a rustic bunch of flowers heaped on a barrow, and its terrified awaking had carried it into the first rift in the blackened walls. How could a thing like that live in the unsunned atmosphere he worked in? Ah, poor fool, it had got into fatal company. But its frantic circling was lost on him who believed in his creative imagination; he saw it without pity, a beauty startling in ugliness, a thing like his thought of Rose, a maddening whiff of summer. The sight of it gave him pleasure.

"Look!" he said, leaning out in his shirt-sleeves, transported.

Cochrane missed it—couldn't track it—and the visionary drew in his head, sobered, and stretched out his hand mechanically, looking over some country letters that had come in.

"Hullo!" he said, whistling.

Cochrane, still watching his infatuated colleague with superior compassion, remarked an envelope in the angular script of the old-fashioned spinster. Probably a complaint. No—it was a private letter.

"The woman is mad!" said Burke.

To him it was gibberish, an insane joke, a thing to make a man doubt the evidence of his senses. He nearly threw it over to Cochrane, but stopped himself, and took it up again. Absurd as it was he couldn't show it. But what the devil——!

DEAR MR. BURKE,—I have some *dreadful* news for you. I am convinced you will be as shocked as I am. My sister writes to me here that *our niece Rose* is laying claim to the authorship of a horrible, horrible book. Quite innocently

(*Continued on page 135*)

Thinking of that Watch Committee?

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS MAUD ALLAN IN A COSTUME NO ONE COULD TAKE EXCEPTION TO

Miss Allan's latest diversion from her strenuous life at the Palace and dining with Cabinet Ministers was her appearance at the Veterans' Fête at Chelsea last week

(*Continued from page 134*)

—since I had heard *no* particulars but the one amazing fact of her having written a novel—I expressed my astonishment to the cousins I am staying with, and they were horrified. *Buttercups*, they assure me, is the most *depraved* work of fiction conceivable. Their Vicar preached upon it on Sunday, and they declare they would be ashamed to have it in the house. Painful as it is, I owe it to you to let you know without delay how terribly we have all been deceived in her character. Pray go to the publishers at once. You have my authority to confiscate *all* the copies and to have them *destroyed*.

I *wish* I could persuade myself that the wretched girl was pretending. They tell me here the book is anonymous, and suggest that an hysterical vanity has prompted her to assume authorship—her one idea has been that you should think her clever! But I feel her confession has the stamp of truth.

Do what you can to help us in this disgrace. I am unable to write more, as I am too upset.

Yours sincerely,

ELIZABETH FORDHAM.

"What's the matter?" said Cochrane.

"I don't know," said Burke.

He was staggered. Nothing seemed to fit the occasion but outrageous laughter; in a sort of impersonal way he listened for it, but couldn't hear himself. How was that?

A package had been put down with the letters on his table. He had not noticed it before, but his glance fell on it now. It was addressed to him in a familiar, childish hand. She liked writing to him at the office—it gave her a funny sense of importance. But why a package? He cut the string nervously.

There was a little note on the top, and then tissue paper, folds and folds of it, womanishly wrapping a book that dropped on the floor as he caught up the missive. He had forgotten Cochrane, who might have been a wooden image for all he cared.

"Darling——" she began.

Yes, it was from Rose. All the lines ran up, all the letters had a schoolgirlish roundness that used to touch him, inspiring rapturous comparisons. She wrote like a dear baby; not a hard campaigner.

——Don't be angry because I kept it a secret. I wanted to surprise you. I couldn't bear to have everybody think me silly and not clever enough for you, and I thought you would laugh at me. I have written a book. It is published, and it is called *Buttercups*, and I am sending it to you with my love. I did it to make you proud of me—because I did not want you to be disappointed.

YOUR OWN LITTLE SILLY GIRL.

So this artless angel of his was a liar and an impostor!

. . . . . .

"Well," said Cochrane, firing his shot from the door, "heard from your butterfly?"

The look he got astonished him, and he did not go. His voice dropped.

"What is the matter?" he said, below his breath. His first unreasoned notion was that the girl was dead.

"Not much," said Burke. "We ignorant townsmen pining for the grass don't damn it as the kingdom of that shameless bird the cuckoo. What are you staring at? But it seems—it seems that one of the lilies of the field—who probably teaches in a Sunday school—is proclaiming herself to the natives as the author of *Buttercups*."

"What!" said Cochrane, astonished, and doubled up suddenly.

"Just that," said Burke.

He was stamping savagely up and down, half-consciously kicking that book on the floor out of ight. He didn't know what he was saying. Was it bravado that unloosed his tongue, or weakness? Could he keep nothing to himself?

"Treacherous, all of them!" he cried out bitterly. "And they ask us why we don't write in sugar!"

"Steady!" said Cochrane, controlling his mirth. "All those who matter know, and you've only to say the word to set the whole world scoffing at hat ambitious damsel. Can't you see the humour of it? Hits you too close, perhaps."

"No," said Burke between his teeth, in his tramp up and down the room. "Only drives a man to throw his last illusion overboard. This—woman——"

"Poor little fool," said the other man.

Burke took one step to him as if to knock him down, and then turned his back and subsided into his chair. He snatched up his pen, scribbling unintelligible nonsense with a hand that shook. All London was drumming in his head.

"Get out," he said.

Cochrane paused doubtfully, but, recognising that he could not treat the situation seriously enough to appease an insulted genius, had the sense to go.

God! what a difference between the affected pessimism of a writer whose trick it was to revile mankind with a warm hand in his, and this bitterness in his mouth!

Burke was not a seasoned philosopher; he saw nothing piteous in Rose's letter. His mind was too full of the injury to himself. He had been fooled. That unsophisticated charm, that fragrance of a hedge-blossom, that simplicity—they were all lying arts. And it was to deceive him she lied, it was on him she played off her hypocrisy, sailing under false colours to equal herself to him, greedy of his masculine achievement.

Perhaps if it had not been his own book, the child of his brain, that she had tried to pass off as hers, his anger would not have been so furious. Burke was human.

And in the midst of his turbulent feelings pierced a curious note of disgust. *Buttercups*—preached against by the parsons, branded by Rose's own unemancipated relations as unfit to read—was that the book for a girl unblushingly to call her handiwork? It increased his passion, judging her, that illogical loathing of his triumph, that unaccustomed shame.

Well, she should hear that he was not the blind dupe he might have been. And if words could punish——!

. . . . . .

Burke left his office late that Friday, but he had done no work. And on Monday he climbed his wooden stairs without the sprightliness gained by a week-end in cleaner air. He had stayed in town, because just now the country was poisoned to him by its associations; there wasn't a flower that hadn't its haunting likeness to the deceitful little face of Rose.

He tried to banish her image by a stolid attention to the day's routine, an impossible effort when all his thoughts were jumbled with what he had heard from Rose's other aunt. Odd sentences kept chattering in his head.

(*Continued on page 138*)

Under the Silver Mantle of the Moon

A MIDNIGHT MIDSUMMER STUDY

(*Continued from page 136*)

Rose had had his letter, and since then was behaving like a girl distraught. She had been missing all the afternoon, and at night she had come in dripping; they believed she had tried to drown herself—but she would not explain. What had he said to her? *She* could see nothing horrible in the book; it seemed to her rather silly, although extraordinary for Rose; but her sister had written in a panic. *Would* he not come down? Rose would be ill. Rose was in a fever.

So she rambled anxiously, the kind, helpless, puzzled woman; and Burke, haggard but unrelenting, drove himself to work, working badly.

And on the top of his dogged application in walked Interruption, embodied in the odd-job man, who drank and was a cousin of the proprietor, and who lent a hand with irresponsible brilliancy all over the shop. He did the sentimental advice for Burke, and Cochrane's Sunday twaddle, and was also—outside—on the staff of a sporting paper. When he poked in his knowing head it was commonly the signal for idleness and gossip. To-day he was splitting with laughter, too full of glee to notice what a curt nod he received from Burke.

"Look!" he said. "*This* is the kind of stuff they send in to us for review!"

He swung the book he carried. Probably he had been reciting bits of it to the others, judging by the shouts that had followed him into Burke's own den.

"This ambitious idiot!" he remarked, "was panting to write a novel—I know the kind—and that swindler Piper has taken her money and printed a few odd copies to satisfy her. You never saw such hopeless rubbish! Set up by Huns and Finns, who don't know the English language. I'll read a word or two."

"Oh, shut up, Rawson," said Burke savagely over his shoulder; he was not in a humour favourable to fooling.

The other clapped open the book with a yell of joy.

"Oh Lord, oh Lord!" he said, "I'd forgotten the title. It's *Buttercups*. Same as yours. Flat plagiary, or do you call it libel? Not quite in your style, though. It's all about birds and flowers and love's young dream. No grammar. And she can't even spell!"

"What?" said Burke, with sudden illumination.

He turned round sharply, springing to his feet.

So that was it. It told its own story, that book of hers, with its title that he had repeated carelessly as it struck him, little guessing her eager treasuring of his slightest word.

"*Buttercups*," he had said, "a good notion for a story." And Rose had laid it up in her heart, had used it in her pathetic effort at lifting herself to him. He felt as if he had trodden on something soft.

In the dingy court below a figure as strange to it as a butterfly, and not brave, was struggling with a faint-heartedness that had followed one wild step of desperation. Because he had hurt her, and it was all a mystery, all a puzzle, too hard for her to understand.

. . . . . .

"My little girl—my little girl," said Burke, and turned blindly upon the astonished Rawson. "Don't stand there, man! Has nobody got a Bradshaw?" He dashed out into the passage. And lo! somebody very pale, very sweet, very silly, was climbing his dreadful stair.

R. RAMSAY.

Their Waning Intellectual Occupation: Elephants Timber-Shifting at Rangoon

Those stories of the almost human intelligence of the elephant which adorn every Child's First Reader will soon have to be counted as one of the wonders of the world which are no more, for it is found that machinery can do—and do cheaper—the work formerly allotted to the man-aided brain of the elephant. In fact, the timber yards of Rangoon are now about the only spots where the sight of the well-trained elephant lifting logs, carrying them on his tusks, and placing the timber on the top of the pile, can still be witnessed. Other methods are by pushing the timber with their heads or hauling by a chain. The beasts are guided in their movements by kicks with the bare heels of the mahoots on their backs

An "Entente" Actress

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE

Who was chosen to play in French, with M. Coquelin, in "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on le Parle," in his recent season at His Majesty's. She recently played in the English version, "French as He is Spoke," at The Playhouse

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Servitude." By Irene Osgood. (Sisley's: 6s.)

"Jack Spurlock, Prodigal." By G. H. Lorimer. (Constable: 6s.)

"Workers in Darkness." By J. B. Harris-Burland. (Greening: 6s.)

A Story of Captivity

I daresay there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth against "Irene Osgood" for much of that which she has dared to write in *Servitude* (Sisley's: 6*s*.). Hundreds of good people, having, of course, carefully *read* some of the descriptive passages in this story of Algiers, A.D. 1815, will now be busily engaged in blacking them out. For Mrs. Osgood has carried out her task of relating the experiences of the various Christian captives of the Dey, both in and out of the harem of that licentious potentate, with surprising vigour and thoroughness. I seem, nowadays, to live in a state of perpetual refusal to be shocked. It is very distressing, but with all the ill-will in the world, this naughty novel fails to stir the sluggish cells of my sense of propriety. It seems to me that if you have a grudge against a particular person, or place, or period—and Mrs. Osgood has a very big one, apparently, against the Dey, and Algiers, and A.D. 1815—you may as well work it off wholeheartedly. Omar was a most immensely reprehensible person, particularly towards the ladies of his harem. Mrs. Osgood shows us exactly how reprehensible, and in not sparing a line of printable detail, it seems to me she does no more than her artistic and historical duty.

Irene Osgood, the Author of a (true) Story of Old Algiers, in her Algerian Home

In "Servitude," Irene Osgood has written a bold and brilliant book, in which the experiences of Christian captives of the Dey of Algiers in 1815, both in and out of the harem, are related with great vividness

* * *

The Wonders of "Servitude"

There is not a definite plot in *Servitude*, nor do the individual characters arouse any special interest or sympathy. The story is of a situation — Algiers against the whole Christian race. She authorises her corsairs to capture, on the flimsiest of pretexts, any Christian ships that they can. She then holds to ransom their crews and passengers, subjecting the males among them to the cruelties of chains and slavery and the females to the very modified delights of inclusion in the Deylic harem. Prominent among the former is one William Brown, Britisher, a pugilistic person, who might have been the creation of Captain Marryat, and among the latter, Betty Langhorne, a Virginian beauty. Brown suffers variegated discomforts in captivity, while Betty is lured into the harem. To realise the fullness of their experiences, the book must be read throughout. The atmosphere and spirit of the place and the times are caught by the author with an extraordinary surety. It has wonderful descriptive brilliancy, and a real humour. Some of the scenes are astonishingly well described. The narrative of the progress of the beautiful deposed wife of the Dey, Hayque, from the Palace to execution at the Gate of Weeping, wherein she is admired and coveted in the hour of death by the entire population, the while her late lord and master watches her exultingly, lingers in memory. So, too, is the scene where Betty, after an attempt to hide in the cave of Cervantes, has been brought to the harem and, clad in black, awaits the Dey. Horribly fascinating, also, are the liberal descriptions of the administration of the bastinado, which fill so much of the earlier chapters. There is coarseness in a lot else of the narrative, but had the author attempted to be refined in the task she has set herself she would have been guilty of artistic infidelity. If, finally, Mrs. Osgood is open to the charge of excessive candour, she has performed a moral task of no small magnificence in showing up the horrors of the state of slavery from which the world has not yet altogether emerged.

* * *

Preposterous Jack Spurlock

The author of the delightful *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* (Mr. G. H. Lorimer) does not get near home with *Jack Spurlock,*

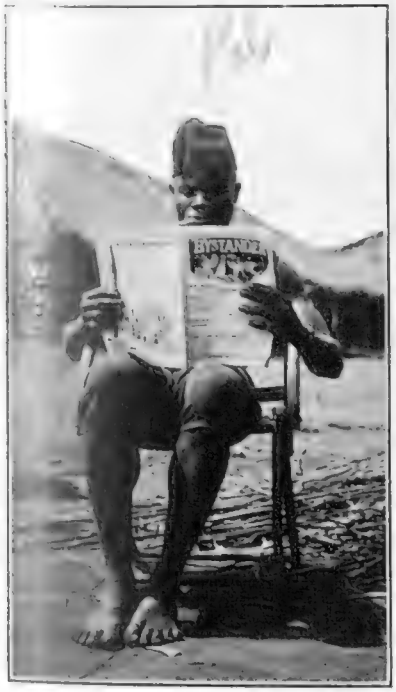
Prodigal (Constable: 6*s.*) The idea is, I take it, to give us, as a counterblast, the slang philosophy of youth. An admirable one, provided you first understand your subject. Mr. Lorimer quite fails to do this. There certainly never was such a compound as Jack Spurlock. A young man impregnated with the sophistry of Socrates and Epictetus, and having the habit of constant quotation therefrom, would never express himself in the vile and unnatural lingo put into the mouth of Jack. Nor would he plan his life on so wholly preposterous a model. True, a man of education (Jack is of Harvard) can be, at the same time, a scapegrace. But a man able to adopt practically the wisdon of the ancients would not make so blatant a fool and nuisance of himself as does Jack in his business career. All who have encountered Harvard men (as, to my good fortune, have I) know them to be, as a class, perhaps the most perfect products of all-round education to be found at present on earth. Such an imbecile as Jack would have been "mazed," sure, within a week of entering the walls of Cambridge, Mass. The idea that the University would have ever [illegible]ured him by expulsion is ludicrous. I am sorry, but I cannot say a single good word for this book, which, based on a false conception of character, is [illegible]me from the first page. V. C.

[illegible]w people realise to any extent the immense responsibilities assumed by those manufacturers who, by the [illegible] of clever advertising, create a widespread demand for [illegible] goods. When those goods are articles of food, the [illegible]nsibilities become all the greater, and it may not [illegible]onably be said that thousands of lives depend upon [illegible] integrity of even a single manu[illegible]er. What might happen if, [illegible]ccident or through negligence, [illegible] deleterious substance crept [illegible] any process of food manufac[illegible] is, perhaps, better imagined than expressed. An ingenious story in the July *Novel Magazine*, however, is based on such an occurrence, and the writer, Herbert C. Ridout, tells of a national calamity as resulting, yet which doctors and scientists alike are unable to account for. Some hundreds of deaths occur before, by the merest chance, the true facts are discovered. An ingenious advertising device is employed to avert a panic and to withdraw from sale thousands of poisoned dainties. *The Great Scourge*, as it is called, is a thrilling story, and after reading it one reflects with relief that such a contingency as it revolves upon is, happily, very remote, if not actually outside the bounds of possibility.

The latest recruit to the army of London publishers is Mr. Stanley Paul, of 1, Clifford's Inn. Mr. Paul was, up to recently, with Messrs. Hutchinson, whom he has represented in South Africa and Australasia, while he also gained a great deal of his experience of the book-world when connected with Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode and Messrs. Methuen, and he is *au fait* with all branches of book-production from first to last. We wish Mr. Paul every success and a long and prosperous career.

A volume of lyrics by Mr. Bernard Capes, the novelist, has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The title is *Amaranthus: A Book of Little Songs*. These lyrics will probably interest many readers as the work of an author who has won fame in the field of historical romance. They are arranged under such titles as "Love Wanton," "Love False," "Love Gentle," and "Poems Various." The author's plea for their publication is that every proper romancer was a poet at heart before necessity made him a proser.

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes this week Florence Warden's new story, *The Dazzling Miss Davison*. Miss Warden has here invented a mystery of a singularly thrilling and baffling kind. There are scenes of shoplifting in the large fashionable shops of the West End, there are Bridge and poker parties, in which cheating is extensively carried on, and there is a quite surprising *dénouement*.



Lamburi, an Important Chief of the Ituri, in the Congo Free State

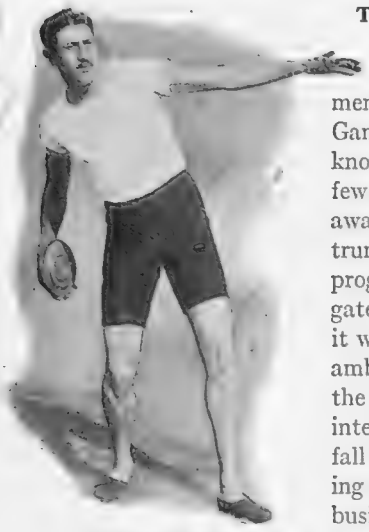
The King of Toro, West Africa

A Chieftain of Southern Nigeria

Notice his Highness's spats, more or less on the European model!

THREE DUSKY ROYAL READERS

OUTDOOR LIFE



The Discus Thrower

Lemming, the Swedish javelin thrower, practising with the discus at the Stadium. His record with the javelin is 57'33 metres, although in training he has thrown it 60 metres. Lemming is one of the finest specimens of manhood among the competitors

The Olympic White Elephant

When the arrangements for the Olympic Games were first made known, I was one of the few who were not carried away by the flourish of trumpets with which the programme was promulgated. I prophesied that it would prove to be too ambitious, that many of the contests which it was intended to include would fall flat, and that, speaking generally, the whole business would turn out to be a nuisance. I should have been only too pleased if I had been found to be wrong, but events have proved that I was not. Of the many failures which have been recorded in connection with this White Elephant of Sport the golf competition is the greatest, for it fell through altogether, and if the rackets, the tennis, and the lawn tennis had shared its fate they would hardly have been missed. The interest attaching to them has been so small as to be practically negligible, and even the fact that the lawn tennis competition last week attracted representatives of nine different nations did not atone for the wholesale withdrawals—principally of crack English players, and of several foreigners, too—which occurred as soon as the proceedings opened.

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Diving

Canada's only competitor in the swimming competitions is R. Zimmerman, who has held the Canadian Championships for the past three years. Zimmerman, whose strong point is fancy diving, is practising every day at the swimming bath of the Stadium. He has also an interesting record for staying under water for two and a half minutes

Raising the Wind

But an even more deplorable feature of the undertaking has been the happy-go-lucky way in which its finances have been managed. One would have thought that before embarking upon so comprehensive a programme, and before sowing invitations broadcast among the nations of the world to come and take part in the show, its organisers would first have sat down and computed the cost thereof, and then taken steps to meet it. Instead of that they trusted to luck, and simply issued an appeal for funds which they appear to have thought—goodness knows why!—would be instantly responded to. It was not; and the result was that they soon found themselves confronted with obligations, not legal, perhaps, but social, which they were powerless to fulfil. In this state of affairs a second and more pressing appeal had to be made, and the services of an influential daily paper, skilled in the art of engineering booms and scares, requisitioned. This time the appeal was successful. The British nation was once more given an opportunity of showing its capacity for "worrying through" in a crisis. It woke up one morning to find that the British Olympic Council had got it into a mess, and forthwith proceeded to get it out of it with all reasonable celerity. That the situation was saved in this way is, of course, highly creditable to the nation; but the crisis should never have been allowed to occur. Matters came much too near the verge of bankruptcy to be pleasant, and, although we may now congratulate ourselves upon being in a position to entertain our foreign guests in a manner worthy of the best traditions of British hospitality, it is hardly likely that those foreign guests will be able to shut their eyes to the way in which the initial arrangements for their reception were bungled. They will return to their homes gratified, perhaps, but not impressed.

Hurdling: V. Duncker, of South Africa

Who is supposed to have the finest style of hurdling of any competitor. He has a splendid record on the Continent, where he has held the Championships of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Sweden, and Bohemia

The Cause of the Failure

The truth is that there is no room—in England at any rate—for these "extra turns" in nearly every

INDIVIDUALISM IN SPORT: THREE OLYMPIC COMPETITORS

Individualism in Sport

A JAVELIN THROWER WHO IS COMPETING IN THE OLYMPIAD

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

WEIFLANDER, THE CHAMPION SWEDISH JAVELIN THROWER

A noteworthy feature of the Olympic Games is that it is the individual rather than the collective factor that is being prominently brought into play. Whereas in cricket and football the honour of victory is attached to the side or team, in such items of the Olympic programme as are illustrated on this and the opposite page, the triumph is solely a personal one. Is there a danger of the same strife in the sporting world between individualism and collectivism that there is now in the social?

The A.A.A. Championships

branch of sport. The sporting public doesn't see the force of them, and doesn't want them. Nor is this to be wondered at. The notion of reviving the Olympic Games was a sufficiently far-fetched one to start with, and as the resemblance of the modern imitation to its ancient prototype becomes smaller and smaller, so must the tendency to regard it as a superfluity and a farce increase. Too much has been attempted, and the public have shown that they think so by the small amount of heed which they have paid to the superfluous items. The chief thing that will be remembered in connection with the Olympic Games of 1908 after they are over will be that they *are* over.

GOLF: The Amateur Championship

By Ernest Lehmann

Now that the echoes of the Open Championship are dying down, I can once more revert to the amateurs and their doings at Sandwich. I have made no mention as yet of one player whose great improvement, where improvement was already a matter of difficulty, struck me more than anything else. I refer to Mr. V. A. Pollock, for whom, some years ago, I predicted a brilliant future, a "future" which is now most emphatically "present." Anything finer than his play when he beat Mr. John Ball in the second round cannot be imagined. The younger player never gave the older man a chance. It was curious to note in this match how similar the younger player's grip with his right hand was to that of Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball, as everyone knows, grips with his right hand held very much under, and Mr. Pollock has this peculiarity even more developed. This grip probably accounts for the prodigious length of his tee shots. For a player of such light physique, Mr. Pollock hits amazingly hard, and when he is in full practice his timing and hitting are very true. He is a very accomplished player with all his clubs, and is an exceptionally good putter. I shall be very much surprised if he does not gain the Blue Riband of amateur golf before many years pass.

Mr. Dick and Mr. Darwin

Mr. Dick, the player who beat Mr. Pollock, is so well and widely known that no description of his game is necessary. He struck me as driving a much longer ball this year, while the rest of his play was as good as ever. When he had disposed of Mr. Pollock and beaten Mr. Darwin, I thought he had got the Championship in his pocket. No doubt the strain of these two matches told on him when he went under to Mr. Lassen, two fatal mistakes, at the thirteenth and the fifteenth holes costing him his chance. Among the players who have not figured much in recent Amateur Championships I was much impressed by Mr. Darwin. His is not a taking style, but his mastery of all his clubs is undoubted, and he is a very tough antagonist to beat. He seemed generally to fail towards the end of his matches after playing the first twelve holes most brilliantly. In several of his matches he allowed an apparently beaten adversary to recover and run him very hard at the finish. In his match against Mr. Dick he had the first seven holes in twenty-six, but was only two up, and this gives some idea of the quality of the play on both sides.

Photo *Sport and General*

The A.A.A. Championships at the Stadium: The Second Lap of the Four Miles Race, in which the Winner beat the Record

The Amateur Athletic Association's Championships, decided at Shepherd's Bush on Saturday week, resulted in several new British records, notably in the four miles race, won by Voight in the record time of 19min. 47 2-5th sec., and Archibald's pole-jumping leap of 12ft. In sixteen events there were fifteen fresh champions, Leahy in the high jump being the only competitor to retain his title

Some Final Impressions

Out of the impressions I have gathered from watching the two Championships this year one thing stands out clearly. However much the professionals may be superior to the amateurs in most departments of the game, there is still one in which the latter can hold their own, and more than their own, and that is, putting. In spite of such queer and unorthodox methods as Mr. Colt and Mr. Hutchinson have adopted, the amateurs, as a body, putt in better style and with much greater freedom and precision than the professors. I attribute this fact to the Upas-tree curse of continual scoring competitions, which I feel sure cramp and unnerve the professionals on the putting green. From this curse, happily, the amateur is free. Long may he remain so.

GRAND SURPRISE FEATURE AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

ld surely be most fitting, at the Olympic Games at the Stadium of the Franco-British Exhibition, that the scene depicted should be frequently repeated. In this great arena, in which the whole world competes for skill and prowess in various kinds of such a recognition of the winning by ODOL of the first position among the dentifrices of the world would be enthusi- received. Merit will win all along the line at the Stadium, as Odol has won. But in the case of Odol, competition is so distanced by it that nothing now remains but for minor places to be contested for. Odol is the indisputable champion in the World's Dentrifrice Competitions.

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Is Brooklands Popular? Some Doubts

In the Enclosure: Some Representatives of the New Sporting World which Brooklands is creating
But which, however, has not yet succeeded in proving anything like a rival to the devotees of the racecourse

devotion than the fanatic of religion pursues his gods.

* * *

A World in the Making

However, Brooklands puts forth the beginnings of a new "world." Apart from its commercial side, which appeared to spring upon Society fully armed, the motor cliques are at last forming a circle, with a little *beau monde*, a little gambling element, a number of camp-followers, and a small and compact army of scalliwags and dead-beats. In none of these departments of Society do they approach the real racing people; still, as the photographs show, this world is in the making. The fashionable part of it suffers from the fact that motor costumes are at present anything but lovely, and that road-dust in the hair and eyes is not exactly a *poudre d'amour*.

Lining Up for a Race at Brooklands

We were told that the opening of Brooklands would prove a serious counter-attraction to horse-racing. No such thing has happened, for the spectators attracted to Weybridge are not the usual racing crowd. Quite a new world is springing up around this sport, which is totally distinct from that which finds its interests on the Turf

Diffident Londoners

The efforts to make Brooklands popular appear to have succeeded with everyone but its neighbours and the London horse-racing man. Nothing can win him from his favourite metropolitan "Parks," his occasional Newmarket, his willingly adopted Newbury, and so forth. Last week the executive at Brooklands held their meeting on a day when London had nothing more amusing to offer the ordinary racegoer than Alexandra Park—which is not a great delight on a thunderous midsummer afternoon. It has taken more than a hundred years to build up the extraordinary various classes of people who go to make the racing crowd, and these are not to be won away from the "sport" which they follow with an even greater

Photos *Topical Agency*

Among the Bookies, who find their clientele of a different kind from that they are used to on the Turf

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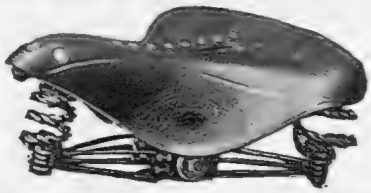

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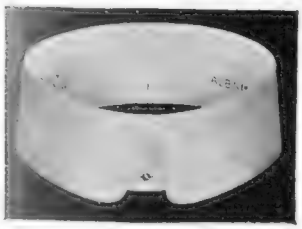

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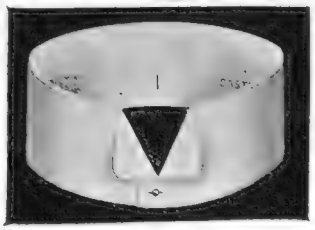

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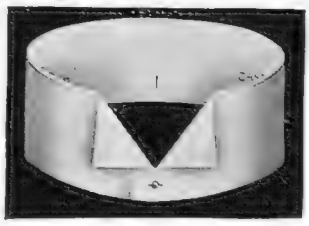

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Play for the Polo County Cup

No Romance

Then the motor manufacturers are hardly the right sort of people to delight a "bookie." They have enormous speculations in hand on the building of certain cars or the improvement of a fragment of machinery, and the ordinary gamble, beloved of the racing man, does not attract them. The "ring" at Brooklands is in its infancy, but will, no doubt, develop at a greater pace than the other constituent parts of the motor-racing world. Compared with a meeting at Sandown or Kempton, Brooklands is quite ugly. The "punter" and the "penciller" are not, as a rule, æsthetically inclined, but the vast racing public feels the influence of environment without expressing it. They miss the elegance of the racing cracks, the gaiety of the sporting world, the immemorial humours which have grown up during more than a century. There is a liveliness and a human effort in horse-racing unknown to the motor-track. Over all is the shadow of mechanism and the whirl of wheels. As at the last meeting, ladies may drive the cars and "heats" of immense value to the manufacturers may be decided, but so far the spirit of romance and the mystic changes of chance, so closely allied to horse-racing, have not touched even the outer edge of the Brooklands track.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Semi-Final for the County Cup at Hurlingham

The match was won by Wirral, who beat Rugby by 6 goals to 1

POLO. By A. W. C.

Military Polo

Among recent polo events the brilliant play of the 11th Hussars in the final of the Inter-Regimental Tournament stands clearest before my mind's eye. Who could see these soldiers hitting the ball superbly on either side of their ponies and at all sorts of angles, and playing with a rare combination which added enormously to their effectiveness, without realising the great strides they have made since they came to Hurlingham to contest their first Inter-Regimental final three years ago? I feel quite convinced that the 20th Hussars, winners of the great Army Tournament in 1906 and 1907, were never so strong as the 11th are at present. The men of the 20th have not improved in their play in England, whereas the 11th, with superior chances, have been steadily going from strength to strength in Dublin. Hitherto, Mr. M. L. Lakin has been looked upon as the genius of the polo team of the 11th Hussars, and this hard-hitting subaltern again played finely at Hurlingham, but the grandest work, in my opinion, was done by Captain Fitzgerald, whose strokes were positively delightful, and he, surely, can dispute with Captain George Bellville the distinction of being the most improved military player of the day.

LAWN TENNIS

An Absentee Entry

The Olympic Tournament last week was principally remarkable for the number of "scratchings" which occurred therein. In fact, the referee seems to have got so used to writing "w.o." on the official programme that he inadvertently did so once too often. The error was, however, soon discovered and corrected, nor does it appear to have misled anybody. Of course, there has been a good deal of comment on these wholesale withdrawals, but—*que voulez-vous*? In the first place, there were one or two *bona fide* cases of illness, as, for instance, those of H. Roper Barrett, who, after his partial breakdown in the Championship, was ordered by his doctor to give his strained leg at least a month's rest, and of C. von Wessely, the Austrian, who was a victim of appendicitis; in the second place, the gathering came too soon after the stress and strain of the Championships, and it was really difficult for anybody to conjure up much enthusiasm over the affair, as the comparatively small "gallery" showed. Several players, though not actually *hors de combat*, had had more than enough strenuous play; A. W. Gore, for instance, having won the Championship with a load of forty years on his back—to say nothing of his second in the Doubles Championship and first in the Mixed Doubles—was conceivably entitled to rest on his laurels. The only player of the very foremost rank for whose retirement there seems to be no adequate excuse is H. L. Doherty. He was not selected on the off-chance that he might play, but was asked whether if selected he would play, and definitely said that he would. It is really high time that this great player gave up playing fast and loose with the public.

Well Played, Froitzheim!

The man whose play came in for the largest amount of attention was the young German, Otto Froitzheim. It was his first appearance at Wimbledon, and it was so successful as to make it a matter for regret that he had no opportunity of trying conclusions with Gore, Barrett, or Doherty. He is the possessor of three valuable attributes: an almost perfect style, an equable temperament, and a clever head. It was his good generalship and coolness at critical moments which pulled him through against the more brilliant and aggressive tactics of another coming man, the Irishman, J. C. Parke. Froitzheim was entered for the Championships this year, but did not come over in time for them. I hope he will make a point of turning up next year.

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RACING NOTIONS

THE OUTLOOK FOR SANDOWN. By CARBINE

Newmarket and the Public

It is noticeable that the Great Eastern Railway Company are again making big efforts to help Newmarket to popularity with the general sporting public, and in fixing a six-and-sixpenny third-class return fare they have probably reached the limit in the reduction of prices. But will the people go to the second July meeting in sufficient numbers to recoup the railway company for their enterprise? I think it is extremely doubtful. Newmarket has always been a meeting more for the classes than the masses, and I fancy it always will be so. There was a time when the rulers of the Turf rather discouraged the *hoi polloi* from attending Newmarket, looking upon its meetings as almost sacred to owners and others immediately connected with the affairs of the Turf. That notion has long since been dispelled, and latter-day Jockey Club directorates have run up new stands, and endeavoured to push the meetings in many ways. Still, the people have not come in the desired numbers, and, as a matter of fact, there are only three days during the season when the racing at the headquarters of the Turf can be termed popular in the real sense—those on which the Two Thousand Guineas, the Cesarewitch, and the Cambridgeshire are run.

This Week's Racing

If you want thoroughly to enjoy a day's racing, with quietude in place of the bustle inevitably associated with the metropolitan meetings, I should say—go to Newmarket on a July day. The surroundings are delightful, the air perfect, but you must be prepared to give the entire day up to it, and whether you will get high-class racing and good fields depends entirely upon luck. On Wednesday, this week, some of the events are uninteresting, but the July Handicap should give us a good sprint, and form will be closely noted in view of the coming Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. My selection is **Fallen Angel.** On the following day we may see the King's filly, the much-talked-of Princesse de Galles, for the first time. She is said to be very smart, yet she may not be good enough for **Electra,** who has performed most consistently and well so far.

Sandown Prospects

A contrast in crowds will be afforded by Newmarket and Sandown Park this week. Provided that the weather is not wholly unfavourable, there will be vast throngs on the Esher slopes on Friday and Saturday. This is the most fashionable meeting of the year at the pretty course, and no doubt many of those who are visiting England in connection with the Olympic Games will desert the Stadium for one afternoon in order to witness one of this country's greatest races—the Eclipse Stakes. They will see a typical English racing gathering, and will be uncommonly fortunate in seeing the big race contested by some of the grandest three-year-olds now in training. Seven years ago Mr. James Buchanan won this rich prize with Epsom Lad after quite a circus performance on the part of the horse's South American jockey. The same owner has an obvious chance of winning the race again, Mountain Apple being expected to do the trick by many people.

The Eclipse Stakes

Personally, I prefer the chances of White Eagle. Next to him I like Lesbia, and I regard Your Majesty as the best of the outsiders. Signorinetta, in my opinion, would be better suited by a longer course, though one could not be surprised at the victory of a filly who carried off the Derby and the Oaks so brilliantly. My advice is to go for **White Eagle** for a win, and for **Your Majesty** for a place. Would it not be strange, in view of certain proceedings at Bow Street, were Mr. J. B. Joel to win the Eclipse Stakes with Your Majesty, and Mr. R. S. Sievier to be credited with the National Breeders' Produce Stakes by The Jabberwock on the following day? I think, however, that the latter stake will rest between Louviers and **Bayardo,** and my preference is for the last-named. **Opal** may take the Surbiton Handicap.

THE GARDEN. By H. C. DAVIDSON

Informal Gardening

The informal style of gardening offers innumerable opportunities to the owners of extensive and especially undulating grounds. Not long ago trees with a few shrubs and grass were considered sufficient; now, in many cases, at every turn one comes upon fresh schemes of colour, large and irregular beds cunningly cut out of the grass so that the plants seem to be growing in it, and often advancing across it, while the trees and shrubs behind form a perfect background. While every effort should be made to combine perennials which flower at different seasons, there can be no doubt that these beds are generally most brilliant in spring. It is then that aubrietias, arabis, alyssum, and scores of other plants, as well as most shrubs, are in bloom, and when they are massed as they should be, the colouring is magnificent. Though they are not long over, it is already time to be thinking about next year's display. The gardener who does not look well ahead is soon left hopelessly behind. The newer and better varieties of aubrietia, such as Dr. Mules and Bridesmaid, do not come true from seed, while the double-flowered forms of arabis, which are much superior to the single, do not produce any seed. These plants, therefore, must be propagated either by cuttings or by layers.

The Plague of Slugs and Snails

Slugs are extraordinarily numerous this year. Many crops have in consequence proved a complete failure. As was to be expected, delphiniums of all kinds have suffered severely. They always form a favourite article for slugs, and as a very slight injury to the hollow, thin-walled stems is sufficient to cause them to bend or break, many of these beautiful flowers have been destroyed. In some gardens sweet peas have had to be sown a second time, and generally the damage done by the pests has been great. Lime is of very little use. Soot, when quite dry, and ashes are better. Slugs cannot crawl over the sharp particles of the latter, while the former, adhering to their slimy bodies, blocks up the pores and suffocates them. But, after all, the best way of getting rid of slugs and snails is to hunt for them at dusk and kill them.

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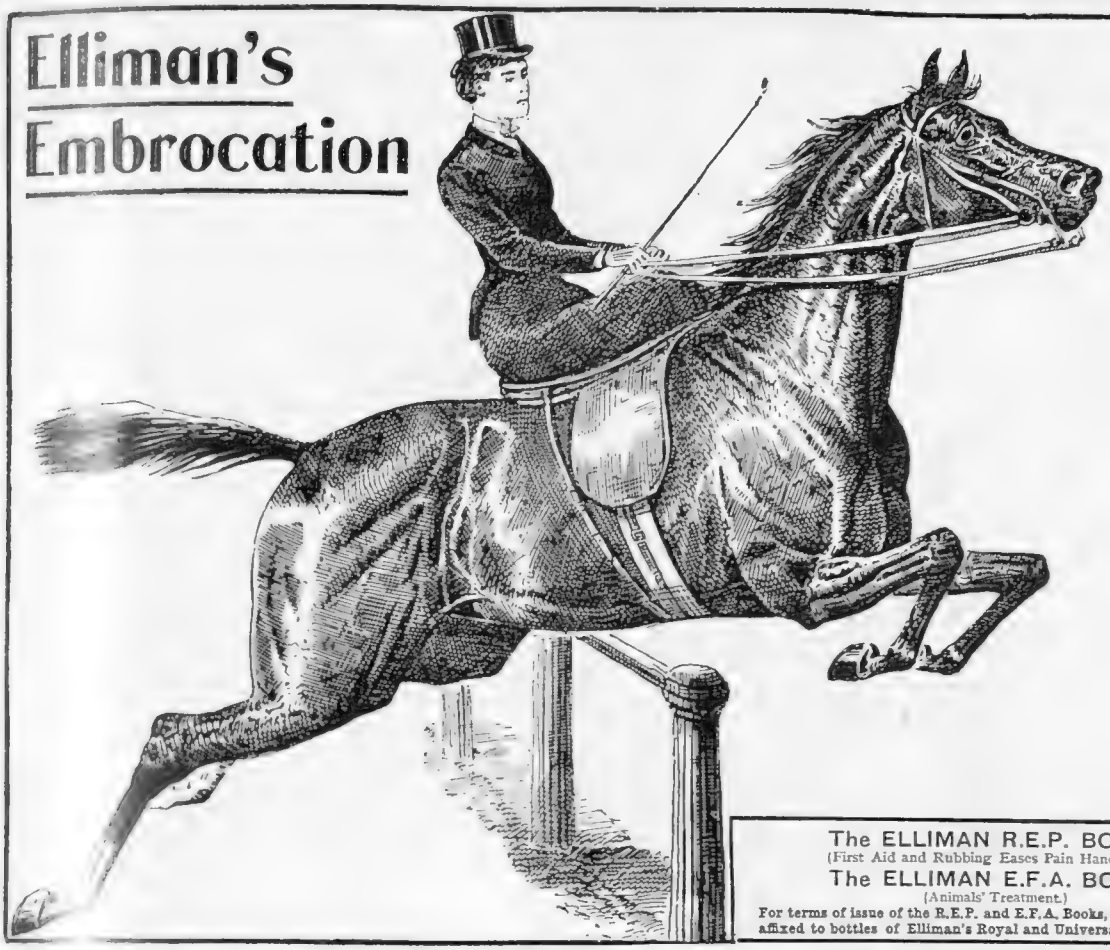

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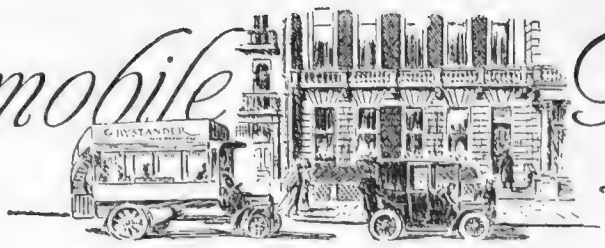
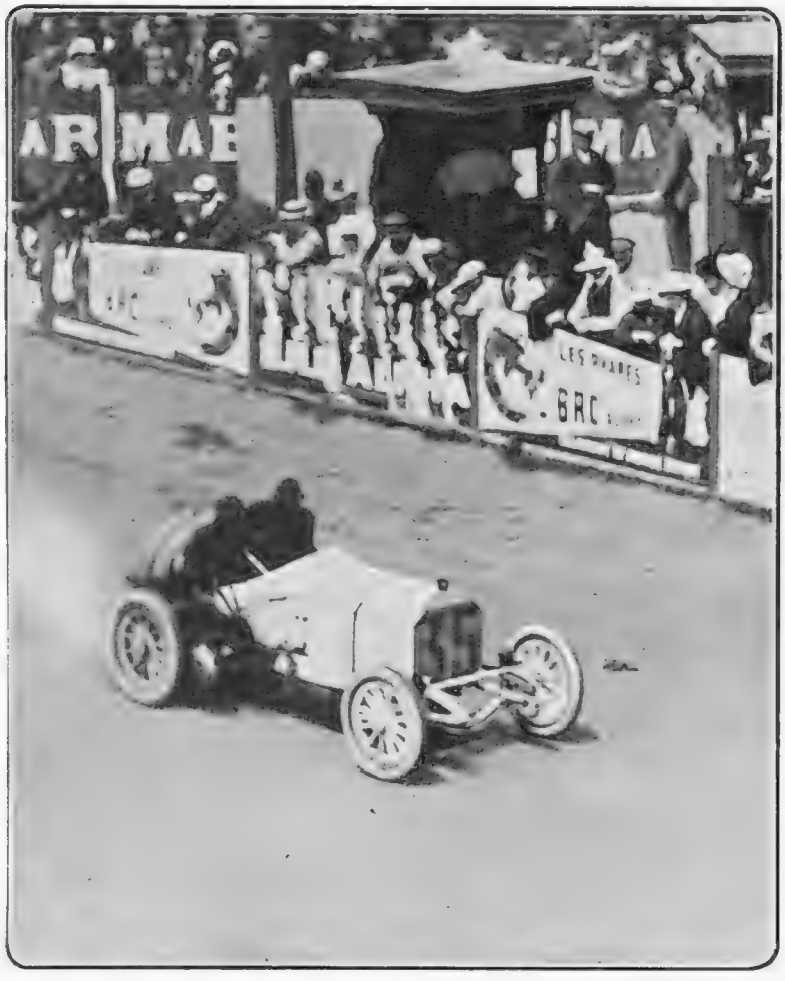


By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Speed—Actual and Possible

A little careful study of the performances of some of the racing automobiles which took part in the recent Grand Prix of the A.C.F. reveals some remarkable and intensely interesting facts. The winning car—a Mercédès—traversed the 480 miles of the triangular Dieppe Circuit in 6hr. 55min. 43sec.—an average speed for the whole distance of just under seventy miles an hour. This in itself is a most portentous performance, because it must not be forgotten that the actual running time was considerably reduced by the necessary stoppages to refit tyres, refil petrol and lubricating tanks, and enable driver and mechanic to snatch some food. No railway locomotive in the world has, up to now, placed such a performance to its credit, despite the advantages of smooth going, easy gradients, and a perfectly clear road. From London to—say—Perth in less than seven hours might be regarded as an irresistible inducement in these hustling days, but it is one which the railway magnates will not be able to put forward for some time to come. In the Grand Prix, again, Salzer, also driving a Mercédès, completed one lap of forty-eight miles in 36min. 31sec., or at a speed of 78½ miles an hour. Allowing for the inevitable slowing down at corners, bends, and right-angle turns, it is quite safe to assert that downhill on the straight between Londinières and Eu the Mercédès achieved a speed of 110 miles an hour. The performances of the two Benz cars, which finished second and third, cannot be too highly commended, and it is equally worthy of note that the third string in the Benz team ran into seventh place, while the remarkably consistent running of the two leaders is emphasised by the fact that less than one minute divided them at the end of the day's racing.

KRIEGER ELECTRIC CARS for Sale or Hire. May be hired for any period from 3 hours to 12 months.—For particulars apply to 48a, Gillingham St., Eccleston Sq., S.W. Telegrams: "Silencieux, London." Tel.: Gerrard 6817, Victoria 2723.



Photo] **Winning the Grand Prix** [*Graphic Photo Union*

The Mercédès car dashing past the winning post at over 100 miles an hour. This car completed the 480 miles of the Dieppe Circuit in 6 hr. 55 min. 43 sec., at an average speed of almost seventy miles an hour

The British Competitors

I am pleased to note that two of our British competitors—the Austin cars, driven by Mr. Moore-Brabazon and Mr. D. Resta—put up a highly creditable fight, and finished sixteenth and seventeenth respectively. It is no light undertaking to drive in such a race as the Grand Prix against not only the flower of the Continental cracks familiar with every curve and bend of the course, but without the assistance of the wonderful organisation and stage management which the great firms like the F.I.A.T., the Mercédès, the Panhard, and the Clement, make it their business to study on these occasions. Every credit is due to Mr. Austin and to Mr. Weigel for their pluck in building and equipping cars for the race, but I question if the best-managed motor business in England can cope successfully with our Continental competitors. They have the benefit of long experience, which counts for more than a little.

* * *

Ladies at Brooklands

Now that the experiment of holding a race for ladies on the Brooklands

The latest craze of Society is to learn Motoring at TREVOR'S, 162, Great Portland Street, W., where unlimited lessons in driving are given on four and six-cylinder cars. Their Prospectus will be gladly sent on application.

Have You a Car to Dispose of?

THE LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD., Motor Agency are experiencing a very great demand for good

SECOND-HAND CARS

If you have a Car to dispose of send us full particulars, we will value it free of charge.

Car.....*H.P.*.....*Cyl*.....

Make.....*Drive*.....*Body*.....

Name.....

BYSTANDER. *Address*.....

CASH ADVANCED PENDING SALE.

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, Ltd.,
MOTOR AGENCY,
57 to 59, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.,
near TROCADERO.

A Perfume of which One Never Tires.

The subtle aroma of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water never fails to please and refresh. When hot and tired nothing is so reviving as a wash in water containing a dash of this matchless perfume.

Murray & Lanman's

Florida Water

Of Perfumers and Chemists, 3/-, 2/-, and 1/-. A case of twelve bottles is an ideal gift for a lady.

Wholesale Depot.
FASSETT & JOHNSON,
32, Snow Hill, London.

FORD

SALTBURN

In Touring Class for Cars under £200

FORD CARS

FINISHED

1st and 2nd.

15-18 h.p. £185, 4-cylinder.

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PERRY, THORNTON & SCHREIBER, LIM^D.,
117, 118 & 119, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone, 396 GERRARD. Telegrams: "AMMOTICAR, LONDON."

MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE
of the 26 h.p.

METALLURGIQUE

in the
Scottish Reliability Trials,
June 15th to 19th, 1908.

Class E. ABSOLUTE NON-STOP RUNS
On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday.

FULL MARKS FOR RELIABILITY.

FASTEST TIMES
Cairn o' Mount, Trinafour, Rest and be Thankful, and Fintry Hill Climbs.

PRINCE HENRY COMPETITION:
METALLURGIQUE SECURED FIVE GOLD MEDALS FOR RELIABILITY.

Sole Concessionnaires for Great Britain, Ireland, and the Colonies:
WARWICK WRIGHT, Ltd.,
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Telegrams: "Lurgique, London." Telephone: 8574 Gerrard.
REPAIRS. COACHBUILDING. ACCESSORIES.

A Sportsman Amateur

Photo *Topical Agency*

A Motor Marriage

Mr. G. C. M. Instone, the popular sales manager of Daimler, Ltd., leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, with his bride, Miss Florence Greaves

track has been successfully made, I hope we shall see quite a number of similar events in the future. The Ladies' Bracelet Handicap was quite a sporting affair, although it may be contended that some of the smaller cars were not too leniently dealt with. Still, as many of them were unknown quantities to the handicappers, one must not be too severe. Mrs. Locke-King on "Bambo," an Itala, was at scratch; Miss Muriel Thompson on "Popple," an Austin, received 3sec.; Miss Christabel Ellis, on "Guarded Flame," an Arrol-Johnston, 12sec.; Miss N. Ridge-Jones, on 17.5 h.-p. Sunbeam, 37sec.; and Mrs. J. Rowland-Hewitt, on 6.4 h.-p. De Dion, 1min. 45sec. The distance was just over three miles, and, after some very exciting happenings, Miss Thompson won a very keenly contested race by 10yds. from Mrs. Locke-King, Miss Ellis being placed third, Miss Jones fourth, and Mrs. Rowland-Hewitt fifth. The ladies carried a male escort as mechanic in case of need, but with the exception of one lady, whose assistant stepped down to start the car when the engine had stopped, and was then left by his fair companion on the track, to the amusement of all beholders, the duties of the mere man were purely ornamental.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

Apropos of hustling, news has just been received by Messrs. Percy Thornton and Schreiber, of Long Acre, that in the Ford factory in America, on June 4, 101 complete cars were built, tested, and shipped in ten hours. The total sales for the day aggregated 117 cars, and no more striking illustration of the remarkable popularity of these excellent small-priced machines could well be given.

Messrs. Colin Defries, Ltd., have just delivered a 24 h.-p. Porthos to Mrs. A. C. de Chapeaurouge, of Dulwich Wood Park, the particularly luxurious carriage-work being by Windover, of New Bond Street.

The Braid-Mills Putter

Mr. Ernest Lehmann writes as follows regarding a statement as to the merits of the aluminium putter, in his golfing article of June 24:—

Mr. Mills, the inventor of the famous Mills Aluminium Clubs, and joint inventor with Braid of the Braid-Mills putter, takes exception to my use of the word "treacherous," as applied to his putter in my article of June 24. I am sorry to have hurt Mr. Mills's feelings. I beg to assure him that the word "treacherous" was not meant to imply that there was anything faulty or unfair in the construction of the club. Better made or finished clubs I have never seen. That the putters have many supporters is proved by the use made of them by Braid and many other leading professionals. As against my unfavourable opinion Mr. Mills can cite a very heavy battalion of supporters, headed by Braid, who has won several Championships while putting solely with the Braid-Mills putter. We are all, perhaps, rather apt to blame our clubs when the blame for a bad stroke really lies with ourselves. Mr. Mills, no doubt, will say that if there is any "treachery" connected with the Braid-Mills putter, it is the player and not the club that is treacherous. In any case, I trust that my epithet "treacherous" will not prevent anyone from giving a fair trial to a club which has found great favour with many players.

IMPORTANT.

Since going to press with page 105, on which appears an announcement of

"THE BYSTANDER" ENCLOSURE

at the

HENLEY OLYMPIC REGATTA

On July 28, 29, and 30 next, it has been decided to reduce the price of admission to

7/6 per diem, or 18/6 for the 3 days of the Regatta.

Only a limited number of tickets are available, so early application is essential.

A NEW CARBURETTOR.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W., have placed upon the market a Carburettor which is perfectly automatic at all speeds, and will guarantee a considerable saving in petrol, with increased power and flexibility.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT.—For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

Mr. H. R. Kirk on his 40 h.-p. Metallurgique

With which he won two gold medals at the Saltburn Speed Races. The car made the fastest time for Standing Start Kilometre Race for touring cars, and also created a new record for this event. Mr. Kirk is well known in automobile circles as one of the pluckiest amateur racing riders

KODAKS

SIMPLICITY is the keynote of Kodak photography—that explains why nearly everyone who uses a camera prefers to use a Kodak; indeed you must have a Kodak if you wish to be independent of the darkroom from start to finish, because no other system adds to daylight loading and unloading the certainty, simplicity, and comfort of Kodak daylight development.

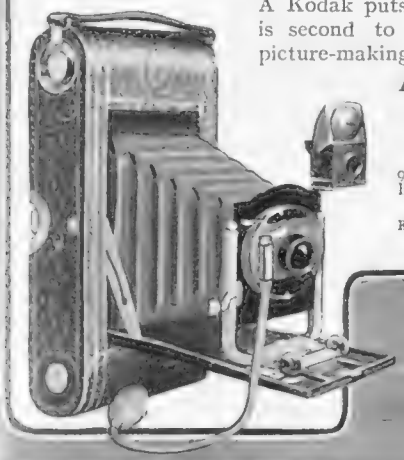
A Kodak puts within the reach of everybody a pastime which is second to none in the delights it affords—a method of picture-making in which success is attainable from the start

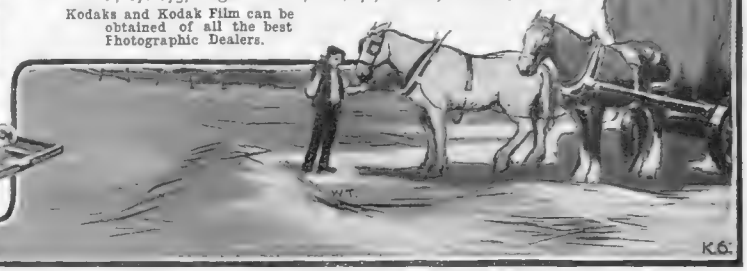
A Handsome Booklet, telling all about Kodak Photography, free; name this paper.

Prices: 5/- to £7 : 7 : 0

KODAK, Ltd., 57-61, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.
96, Bold Street, Liverpool; 72-74, Buchanan Street, Glasgow; 59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; 40, Strand, London, W.C.

Kodaks and Kodak Film can be obtained of all the best Photographic Dealers.





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BRITISH MADE.

KEMPSHALL TYRES

...factured by Chas. Macintosh & Co., Ltd., Manchester, England, specially for
... Kempshall Tyre Co., of Europe, Ltd.,
... rafalgar Buildings, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.
...hone No. 244 Gerrard (two lines). Telegrams: ...less, London." These tyres can also be ...ased at 17, Shaftesbury Avenue, London. Agents for the United States: Messrs. Cryder & Co., 583, Park Avenue, New York.

The Virginia Cigarette with a reputation and character of its own and gives tone to a Cigarette Case

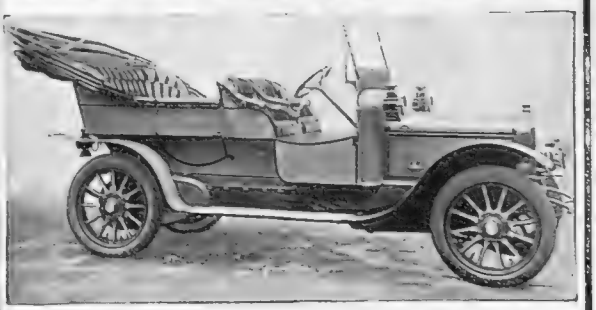
LOCKYER'S "PALM BRAND" Cigarettes

All high-class Tobacconists sell them. Price (No. 2 size) 10 for 6d., 20 for 1/-, 100 for 5/-, or a Trial Tin of 50 for 2/6, sent post free from the sole makers,

LOCKYER & CO. (Dept. H),
12-14, Bath Street, City Road, London. -B-

THE

SUNBEAM CAR



SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS

The SUNBEAM, as usual, went through the Scottish Trials without a Mechanical Stop.

20 h.p., £530. 35 h.p., £675.

Full Particulars and Catalogue from

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Upper Villiers Street, WOLVERHAMPTON.

Sole Agent for London and South of England:

H. C. DIGNASSE, 15, Greek Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, LONDON, W.

FROCKS·FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

It is always an interesting pursuit to me, at this period of the year, to watch the various methods followed by those collecting a holiday outfit. There is the woman who buys never wisely and always too prodigally, and throughout looks the rag-bag her purchases actually represent. Always irresistible to such an one is the cheap ready-made cotton costume, the material fictitiously dressed up, raggy imitation lace blouses, and hats galore, all cheap and all nasty.

An Original Bathing Dress Design

In striped galatea, worn with black silk tights. The cap is of silk mackintosh, drawn in by a ribbon forming a bow at one side

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

In fact, it may be said there is no single sound item in the whole *galère*.

While the antithesis to this lady is one who thinks anything will do—sponged up. Here the basin of petrol is an ever-present concern, and last year's decadent things uplifted into the further service of providing conventional covering. No more, no less.

"Maison de Beauté" Valaze, 24, Grafton Street

Only those who have dipped below the surface of things are in a position to realise the heights to which skin culture has attained, and at the Maison de Beauté there is propounded a creed that has the advantage of a guarantee. Woman's real tragedy, the first wrinkle, is dealt with in an entirely fresh and, what is more to the point, wholly efficacious manner by a process that cannot possibly, in the small space at my command, be dealt with efficiently. Suffice it to say that a system of impregnation is applied to disperse these age-giving lines; it is the result of much research at the hands of scientific men in Austria, who, for prohibitive fees, are prepared to work the cure themselves. As may be readily imagined, Mlle. Rubinstein's fees are not such as can be accepted by the casual face specialist, the establishment she has fitted up at 24, Grafton Street more directly resembling a hospital, the whole treatment being worked strictly according to antiseptic and hygienic laws and regulations.

Mlle. Rubinstein does not pretend to be cheap, as judged by our English standard, with this wrinkle cure, which is guaranteed to stand the test of twenty years; but, on the other hand, she has a miraculous Russian skin food, "Valaze," a preparation of herbs grown on the Carpathian mountains, discovered and prepared under the direction of one Dr. Lykuski. Needless to say, Mlle. Rubinstein is an enthusiast, and we have her word for it that "Valaze," quietly persisted in, is immensely efficacious also in the dispersal of wrinkles, since, by its virtues, it accords the skin active stimulation and nourishment. In dealing with freckles, sunburn, and sallowness, and the ravages set up by wind and weather, "Valaze" is again exceptionally successful.

"Beauty in the Making" is a booklet from which can be gleaned a deal of information in this latter-day absorbing subject, and it is related in a manner that is both lucid and convincing. It may be safely said that Mlle. Rubinstein has come to make history, for she takes both herself and her work very seriously, and will give the most hardened sceptic over to shame by a heartfelt denunciation of the unnecessary heinousness of possessing other than an immaculate skin, free of wrinkles and blemishes of every description.

The Bystander, July 15, 1908

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 241.—Vol. XIX. Wednesday, July 15, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

HAMPTON & SONS

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

By Order of the Executors of the late Henry Adams, Esq. VERY CHARMING RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY.

BRAY, NEAR MAIDENHEAD (IN THE ANCIENT HUNDRED OF BRAY, ABOUT 1 MILE FROM STATION, near one of the most favourite reaches of the Thames, and within an easy drive of Windsor and Ascot).—

"CANON HILL," BRAY, WICK,

a complete and historic county seat, the possession of which ensures the owner a high position in this high-class residential district. Being an easy motoring distance from London and having express service of trains, it is suitable for a gentleman of position with Parliamentary or business connection in London. The House, which is secluded in its own grandly timbered park, away from noise and dust, has

VERY LOVELY PLEASURE GROUNDS,

including terraced rose garden and shady shrubbery walks. Long winding carriage drive sweeping over pretty river (with boating and fishing). Ample accommodation for a family. 5 handsome reception rooms en suite, and opening into large conservatories, lounge hall, billiard room, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Grand solid oak staircase and complete offices. Stabling for 11. Model farmery. Dairy. 5 cottages. Lodge entrance.

TOTAL AREA ABOUT 157A. 2R. 34P.

64 acres on opposite side of road and quite apart, will be Sold as a separate Lot. This has three long frontages and could be economically developed. Also plot of land about 11. 5p. with frontage to Bray Road. Unless previously disposed of, this most compact and charming Property will be SOLD, with possession, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. FERRIS and PUCKRIDGE, Surveyors, 82, Queen Street, Cheapside, and Milton, Pewsey, Wilts; of Messrs. PONTIFEX, HEWITT and PITT, the Vendors' Solicitors, 16, St. Andrew's Street, Holborn; and of HAMPTON and SONS, Auctioneers, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

By Order of Executors of Major Curteis Stileman.

WINCHELSEA, SUSSEX COAST.

The most picturesque and historic town and Cinque Port in England.

"THE FRIARS," WINCHELSEA.

"THE FRIARS," WINCHELSEA.

A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE, with park, grounds, etc., of about 80 acres, including the interesting ruins of the Grey Friars Chapel. The property includes the whole of the Seaward Cliff of Winchelsea, finely timbered and possessing enormous frontages, presents a unique opportunity for profitable development. Also "Sea View House," Winchelsea, and old garden on the cliff. Building and accommodation lands in Lots of 4, 7, and 8 acres: several cottages, plots, etc.

HAMPTON AND SONS will SELL the above valuable Estate by AUCTION, at the Mart, on Tuesday, July 28. Vendors' Solicitors, Messrs. STILEMAN and NEATE, 16, Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.—Particulars, with plan and views, of the Auctioneers, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

"GREY FRIARS," CHAPEL AND GROUNDS.

CLOSE TO FAMOUS SUNNINGDALE GOLF COURSE.

In the heart of the health-giving pine and heather country.

SUNNINGDALE.—"HEATHERLAND," Sunninghill.—For SALE, a picturesque and well-arranged modern Freehold RESIDENCE, occupying an elevated and secluded position, well back from the road, approached by a short carriage drive. 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, principal and secondary staircases, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, and usual offices.

WELL-TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

shady lawns for tennis and croquet, productive fruit and vegetable garden, plantation, in all about 1¼ acres. Capital site for stabling and garage; Company's water and gas; about a mile from the station on the L. and S.W.Rv., and under 2 miles from Ascot Racecourse. Possession on completion.—Particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HIGH ON GRAVEL.

Choice Residential Property.

CLOSE TO 2 GOLF COURSES.

FAVOURITE NEWBURY DISTRICT (in the best part).—For SALE, a most enjoyable FREEHOLD PROPERTY of over 100 acres of park, meadows, and woodlands, with a gentleman's Country House, in capital order, and occupying a beautiful situation,

400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

Electric light installed; motor pump; heated throughout. 2 drives with lodges, farmery, bailiff's house, etc. Panelled lounge hall, large reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bedrooms, 2 fitted baths, and complete offices. Stabling for 10, rooms for coachman and grooms. Delightful old gardens, fully matured; cricket ground, walled garden, and glass. Photographs can be seen.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL. S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

TO BE SOLD, by AUCTION, on October 8 next, "FARMING WOODS," 4½ miles from Weldon and Corby Station, 9 miles from Kettering, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING, AND HISTORICAL ESTATE, extending to 4,364 acres in a ring fence, including the

picturesque stone-built Mansion, standing 300 ft. above sea level in a deer park of over 200 acres. Accommodation: 3 entrance halls, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 35 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; the Mansion is replete with every convenience, including electric light; stabling, motor-houses, cottages, workshops, etc.; the agricultural lands are divided into 12 excellent farms, also numerous small holdings, the whole producing an actual and estimated rent roll of over £4,000 per annum; 1,150 acres of woodland; first-rate hunting; good shooting; golf.—Illustrated particulars, plans, and Conditions of Sale, may be had of Messrs. KEKEWICH, SMITH and KAY, Solicitors, 2, Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, E.C.; Messrs. FISHER, BOLAM and Co., Land Agents, Market Harborough; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 9, Conduit Street, W.

BERKSHIRE

BY ORDER OF SIR WILLIAM THROCKMORTON, BART.

THE BUCKLAND ESTATE.—An important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY extending to 3,000 acres,

including the historic mansion built in 1757. Grandly timbered deer park and lake. 220 acres of woodland; 8 fertile farms in excellent order; 2 licensed houses; pretty country cottages with large gardens, and

THE ENTIRE VILLAGE OF BUCKLAND.

Actual and estimated rent roll of about £3,500 per annum.

To be SOLD by AUCTION on July 20 next.—Illustrated particulars, views, and plans can be obtained of Messrs. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER and WELD, Solicitors, 1, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.; Messrs. SIMMONS and SONS, Auctioneers and Land Agents, Reading, Henley-on-Thames, and Basingstoke; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Land Agents, 9, Conduit Street. W.

"RIBBLESDALE," DORKING.

A CHARMING RESIDENCE containing 4 reception rooms and 10 bedrooms, together with the excellent stabling and delightful pleasure grounds.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

Will OFFER the above for SALE by public AUCTION, at the Mart, on July 24 next (unless previously disposed of by private treaty).—Illustrated particulars forwarded on application.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—For the Summer, with immediate possession, a fine old MONASTIC HOUSE, standing in well-timbered grounds, commanding magnificent views over the surrounding country: lodge, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, and usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; Company's gas and water; stabling for 3, coach-house, and men's rooms; lovely old grounds, 2 croquet lawns, rosery, and well-stocked kitchen garden. Moderate Rent.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

SURREY.

In the Beautiful

LEITH HILL DISTRICT.

On the Main London and Portsmouth Line.

A CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE (in a ring fence) of about 654 ACRES. Beautiful Lake.

The Estate is richly timbered, close to a main line station, 28 miles from London, and about 30 from the sea.

The House stands 300ft. above sea level and contains: 8 well-lighted principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 8 secondary bedrooms, 5 luxuriously fitted bathrooms, large day and night nurseries. The reception rooms are conveniently arranged, and comprise: panelled oak outer and inner halls, large drawing room, boudoir, panelled library, dining room, smoking room; spacious domestic offices; modern system of drainage and heating; electric light installed; excellent stabling for 12 horses, coachman's and groom's rooms; fitted motor garage.

The pleasure grounds are very beautiful, formed out of the old Surrey Forest, richly timbered with valuable specimen trees, rosery, lovely woodland walks, tennis courts; productive walled kitchen garden; 2 entrance lodges; undulating and well-timbered park; 5 capital farms, let as 2 holdings; 2 attractive country residences; 18 model cottages; charming woodlands of 445 acres; good pheasant and wild duck shooting; picturesque lake of 9 acres, with waterfall and boathouse; permanent outgoings, £81.

Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

BY KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY.

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE, BETWEEN WHITBY AND PICKERING.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD SPORTING ESTATE, known as "ELLERON LODGE," extending to 783 acres. Situate 5 miles from Pickering Station, and including a Comfortable

HOUSE, containing drawing and dining rooms, good billiard room, and 7 bedrooms; first-rate stabling for 11; old-world gardens, tennis lawns, woodland walks.

ORNAMENTAL LAKE AND TROUT STREAM;

productive kitchen garden; model farmery; 2 lodge entrances and cottages; home farm of 200 acres. Beautiful woodlands, with rhododendron walks, and GROUSE MOORS.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on July 24 next. Solicitor, J. D. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Pickering, Yorks.—Auctioneers' Offices, 9, Conduit Street, W.

ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS.—To lovers of old houses and beautiful gardens. A grand and healthy situation commanding glorious panoramic views through the valley of the Downs.

Old JACOBEAN RESIDENCE, full of old oak: central hall (16ft. by 15ft.), drawing room (34ft. by 21ft.), dining room (24ft. by 16ft.), library (24ft. by 14ft), mullioned windows, servants' hall, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 3, strong room; laundry, cottage, finely timbered old gardens; tennis and croquet lawns, choice collection of flowering shrubs, fruit trees, kitchen garden, paddock, in all about 3 acres; 3 golf links, hunting, fishing, boating. To be SOLD, one of the most charming miniature Estates on the market. Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,961)

SOUTH BERKSHIRE.

THE BULMERSHE ESTATE, EARLEY, READING.—A valuable FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

EXTENDING TO ABOUT 950 ACRES,

including a brick-built House, surrounded by old-world gardens and beautifully timbered park, with

LAKES OF NEARLY 40 ACRES.

The Mansion stands well away from the road, commands extensive views: 4 reception rooms, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 10 horses. Secondary residence, 2 farms, cottages, etc.

To be SOLD by AUCTION, on July 24. If not sold as a whole will be divided into convenient lots.

Illustrated particulars of Messrs. WITHAM, ROSKELL, MUNSTER and WELD, Solicitors, 1, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.; Messrs. SIMMONS and SONS, Auctioneers and Land Agents, Reading Henley-on-Thames, and Basingstoke; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Auctioneers and Land Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W.

FOR THE SUMMER.

CHILTERN HILLS DISTRICT.—The above old-world RESIDENCE and grounds of 8 acres to be LET for 3 months. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 4 horses, etc.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 825)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones:
1505 MAYFAIR.
3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address.
"WALTONS, LONDON."

SURREY HILLS (near Epsom Downs; 6 minutes from station, near pretty village).—Price, £1,850. Capital well-built COUNTRY HOUSE, high, dry, and rural situation, with charming matured grounds of over ½ an acre; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; gas; Company's water; modern drainage, near golf.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,789)

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES OF THE LATE SIR THOMAS PAINE.

SURREY (in the favourite district of Dorking).—ANNOUNCEMENT of SALE of the exceptional choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, known as

"BROOMFIELD,"

late adjacent to the village of Westcott, and about 1½ miles from the town of Dorking, with stations on the L.B. and S.C. Ry. and the S.E. & C. Ry., whence London may be reached in about 50 minutes. The Property comprises the attractive Family Residence, with lodge at entrance, and contains: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and convenient domestic offices; stabling for 4 horses and outbuildings; picturesque pleasure grounds and excellent kitchen gardens. The Property also includes a comfortable old-fashioned Cottage Residence, known as "Ivy Cottage," a modern laundry-cottage, and two other cottages, the whole extending over about 20 acres.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

are in conjunction with Messrs. FRANK DAVEY and SON will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, or subsequently in the following convenient Lots (unless previously sold)

Lot 1.—"Broomfield" House and grounds	A.	10	2 2
2.—Four Cottages and garden		0	1 6
3.—Laundry-Cottage		0	0 35
4.—"Ivy Cottage"		0	0 34
Total	A.	11	0 37

Particulars of Messrs. PAINES, BLYTH and FARLE, Solicitors, 14, St. Helen's Place, E.C.; together with order to view, of Messrs. FRANK DAVEY and Co., House Agents, etc., Dorking; or of the Auctioneers, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

OXFORDSHIRE (on the Thames at Wallingford).—The exceedingly attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE known as "NEWNHAM MANOR," conveniently adjacent to the market town of Wallingford, 1 mile from station, and 3 miles from Cholsey Junction. It includes a charming old Manorial Residence, electrically lighted, beautifully appointed, standing in a magnificently timbered park, and containing: 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; first-class stabling; motor garage; charming pleasure grounds and old-established gardens, glasshouses, and model farmstead; 4 capital farms and 17 cottages; golf course on property; ½ mile of frontage to finest reach on Upper Thames, with exclusive boating and fishing; 3 manors.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely, as a whole, or in Lots as under (unless previously sold):

Lot.	a.	r.	p.
1. Newnham Manor and Park	86	1	28
2. Crowmarsh and Lonesome Farms	375	0	25
3 and 4. Accommodation Lands	6	3	14
5. Newnham Farm	224	1	30
6. Blenheim Farm	93	2	16
7, 8, 9. Nine Cottages and Gardens	3	2	20
	790	0	13

Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

ON THE MIDDLESEX BORDERS, adjacent to the picturesque village of Totteridge, about 2 miles from Totteridge and Mill Hill Stations, whence London is reached in about half an hour. The exceptionally choice FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY known as "OAK LODGE" occupies a pleasant position amidst absolutely rural environments, and comprises the above perfectly appointed house, approached by a carriage drive, and containing: square hall, 3 reception rooms, boudoir, oak-panelled billiard room, conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and convenient offices; excellent stabling, carriage house, motor house, and man's rooms; gardener's house, 2 cottages, and suitable outbuildings; the beautifully timbered grounds include a fine expanse of old-turf croquet, tennis, and other lawns, walled kitchen gardens with glasshouses and park-like paddocks adorned by fine forest and ornamental trees; the whole extends to an area of about 22a. 2r. 28p., and forms one of the most desirable properties of its character within a similar distance of the Metropolis.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 28, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold).—Particulars of Messrs. GOLDING, HARGROVE and GOLDING, 99, Cannon Street, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

40 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM LONDON.

HERTS, King's Langley (¾ mile from a main line station).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally choice FREEHOLD PROPERTY, charmingly positioned on the slope of a hill, 100 yds. away from the road, and commanding views over undulating and well-wooded country. The House (see above view) contains: large lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 attics, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling, carriage house, and man's rooms; attractive grounds of about 10 acres; gas and water laid on; good sanitation, and soft water supply.—Particulars of the Sole Agents, WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,721)

IN THE WEST RIDING OF YORKS.

NEAR HARROGATE (1½ mile from Birstwith Station; within easy reach of Leeds and other industrial centres).—The compact FREEHOLD, RESIDENTIAL, and AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, "WINSLEY HURST," of upwards of 420 acres, including an exceptionally well-built family Mansion, standing high, on sandy subsoil, and commanding magnificent views; stabling for 10 horses; superb gardens and pleasure grounds; a valuable pastoral holding known as "WINSLEY GRANGE," with a well-positioned residence and farm buildings; 3 well-arranged accommodation holdings, and 5 cottages; capital fishing obtainable in the River Nidd; hunting with 2 packs; close to the moors, with salubrious climate and good social amenities.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION, at the George Hotel, Harrogate, on Thursday, August 6, 1908, as a whole, or in two Lots as under (unless previously sold):—

Lot 1.—"Winsley Hurst" and land A. 85 2 17
Lot 2.—Four accommodation farms 334 1 29

Particulars of Messrs. BARBER and BLACKBURN, Solicitors, 29, James Street, Harrogate; J. TINDALE, Esq., Estate Agent, Killinghall, viâ Leeds; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS
FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

GERRARD'S CROSS, BUCKS (20 miles from London, with express train services to and from Paddington and Marylebone, both of which are reached under the half-hour).—The important and unique FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE known as "CHALFONT PARK," situate about half a mile from Gerrard's Cross Station and about 5 miles from Beaconsfield, Uxbridge, and Rickmansworth respectively. The property embraces an area of about 974 acres, practically surrounded by main roads, and extending from the picturesque village of Chalfont St. Peter for a distance of about 2½ miles along the beautiful valley of the Misbourne, with magnificently timbered rising ground on either side. It includes the above palatial mansion house, charmingly positioned in the centre of a stately and self-contained park, fitted and appointed in a most efficient and thorough manner. Also another moderate-sized Residence known as "CHALFONT LODGE," with a suitable area of land, several small holdings, and a number of superb building lots. The climate is notoriously bracing and healthy, the soil or sub-soil is of gravel or of a gravelly nature throughout, and the train service, when developed, will be superior to any within a similar distance of London. Owing to its attractiveness and advantages, the rapid development of the district has already become proverbial, and an opportunity is now afforded to capitalists and others to acquire a property which, while preserving the amenities of the mansion and park, might be made the ideal residential centre for the use of City or West-End business men. If divided into lots provision will be made for the reservation of main road outlets, so that each section may be developed on its own basis.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE

Will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, July 21, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely, first as a whole, and if not so sold in the following Lots (unless previously Sold privately):

Lot	a.	r.	p.
1. Chalfont Park and land	149	0	15
2. Hogtrough Wood and meadow land	109	3	23
3. The South Lodge and land	27	0	4
4. Part of Oakend Wood and land	29	1	15
5. Oakend Cottage, meadow and woodland	31	3	27
6. Part of Swan Farm	58	2	37
7. Ditto	58	2	38
8. Ditto and homestead	18	1	6
9. Chalfont Lodge and land	24	3	15
10. Chesham Lane land	36	2	29
11. Ditto	26	3	24
12. Part of "Isle of Wight" Farm	40	1	2
13. Ditto (including homestead)	111	2	28
14. The "Tunnel Firs" Estate	65	2	25
15. "Quarters Wood" Estate	70	1	2
16. The Home Farm (Coldharbour)	76	1	9
17. Part of Nockhill Wood and land	20	1	22
18. Two cottages (Chalfont St. Peter)	0	3	36
19. Land at Ditto	17	1	36

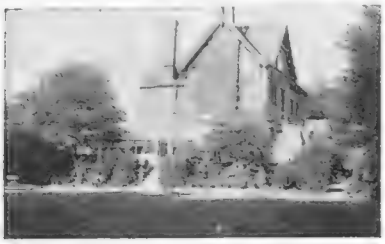
Particulars and Conditions of Sale (price, 2s. 6d. each) may be had of Messrs. DRAKE, SON and PARTON, Solicitors, 24, Rood Lane, Fenchurch Street, E.C.; Messrs. W. and F. EVES, Land Agents, 54, High Street, Uxbridge; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

NORTH WALES COAST (in the very favourite district of Colwyn Bay, near the station and the sea).—Handsome modern FREEHOLD RESIDENCE: 14 bedrooms, bath, 4 reception rooms, capital garden of about an acre. For SALE, price £3,500, or will be offered by AUCTION on July 28 next. Solicitors, Messrs. COLLINS and COLLINS, 37, King William Street, E.C.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

7 ACRES, 8 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 RECEPTION, STABLING.



HANTS (1 hour express train of Waterloo).—To be SOLD the above exceptionally attractive country RESIDENCE, 1 mile of station, well away from main road and motor dust. Approached by 2 carriage drives, lovely well-timbered grounds of nearly 7 acres, which are a special feature; tennis and other lawns, rose walk and pergola, kitchen garden, orchard, meadows, pretty stream. —Inspected and strongly recommended by Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,738)

GRAVEL SOIL, 600FT. UP, FINE VIEWS.

CHILTERN HILLS (amidst the prettiest scenery near London, with excellent service on G.C.R.).

"THE CHILTERNS, GT. MISSENDEN.—Handsome HOUSE: 6 bed, bath, good hall, full-sized billiard and three reception rooms; conservatory; acetylene gas; tennis lawn; fine rhododendrons, kitchen garden, and orchard. (Lot 1).

"TYSELEY," GT. MISSENDEN (with possession Christmas, 1909).—6 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, capital garden. (Lot 2.)

"THE HOMESTEAD," GT. MISSENDEN (let on Lease at £70).—4 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; pretty garden. (Lot 3.)

To be SOLD by AUCTION by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), on July 28 next.—Details of Messrs. THIRLWALL and SON, Solicitors, 34, Gt. James Street, Bedford Row, W.C., and of the Auctioneers, Brompton Road, S.W.

ON ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE RIVER THAMES.

VIEW FROM THE HOUSE.

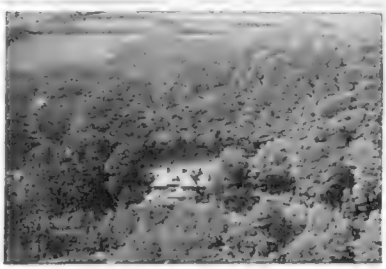
TO BE SOLD, an exceedingly choice riverside RESIDENCE, with pretty lawn running down to the river. It contains: lounge hall, 3 good reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good stabling; tennis lawn; gas and water laid on.—Strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,689)

CLIFTONVILLE (in the best part of, with good sea views).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a well-placed, conveniently arranged RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; grounds of ¾ acre; gas and water laid on; main drainage. Rent, £110.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,708)

CHESHIRE (within 1 mile of the station).—To be SOLD, the above COUNTRY RESIDENCE, approached by a carriage drive and standing in its own exceedingly well-timbered and well-shrubbed grounds, with 2 tennis courts, well-stocked walled kitchen garden, pretty flower garden, and well-timbered miniature park with a nine-hole golf course and lake, the whole extending to about 15 acres. The accommodation comprises: fine central hall with gallery surround (49ft. by 37ft.), outer hall, 5 reception rooms, picture gallery, 19 bed and dressing rooms, large conservatory, bathroom, and well-arranged domestic offices; excellent stabling for 8 horses, coach-house, saddle room, lodge, gardener's cottage, groom's rooms, glasshouses, farmery, and cottages.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, from whom further particulars may be obtained. (S 5,992)

KINGSTON-HILL (Coombe Warren). — In a delightful position on the high ground, off main road, with fine open views, to be LET (or Lease would be SOLD), exceptionally well-built and comfortable HOUSE: 9 bed, bath, 3 good reception, and billiard; all in excellent repair and decoration; stabling 3, coach and motor-house, 3 living rooms; charming garden arranged in terraces, very fully stocked and productive, vinery, greenhouse, etc. Rent, £200 per annum.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A COUNTRY HOUSE WITHIN 20-30 MINUTES MOTOR OF WEST END. NO TRAM LINES.



GLORIOUS LYNTON.—TO be SOLD, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charmingly placed RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent sea views. It stands in its own well-timbered grounds: hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; close to golf links; hunting. Price, £1,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 5,924)

REDHILL AND HORLEY (between).—In a district rapidly increasing in value and amidst beautiful surroundings, excellent small RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 34 acres, offering a FINE SITE FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE AND GROUNDS; picturesque old farmhouse at present let; for SALE.—Apply to HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ALMOST ADJOINING GOLF LINKS.

SURREY (Byfleet).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally well-built and attractive RESIDENCE, with pretty garden and grounds, well arranged, with lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; beautiful pine wooded country, gravel soil; 10 min. of station, and 22 miles of London. Price, £2,500.—Full particulars of Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF MODERN TIMES.

£500 CASH AND £1,500 ON MORTGAGE for an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE in an exceedingly pretty part of Surrey, and only 35 minutes of London; well-timbered and pretty grounds of 2½ acres: 2 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; under 1 mile of station; an absolute bargain; or a near offer would be entertained.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,610)

SUSSEX HIGHLANDS.—To be SOLD, the above charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in one of the finest positions in the county, commanding magnificent panoramic views. It is exceptionally well built and fitted up throughout, and contains: large lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard room, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling, farmery; lovely grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, terraces, flower and kitchen gardens, and parkland, in all about 21 acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7 662)

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS (within 55 minutes of London).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in its own perfectly kept exceedingly pretty grounds and well-timbered park of about 100 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, terraces, rose walks, rockery, most productive kitchen garden, greenhouses, pretty woods, lake and trout pond. The Residence, which is most beautifully furnished, contains: lounge hall, exceedingly pretty drawing room, dining room, handsome billiard room, study, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling, motor-house, farmery, and cottages.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,731)

350 ACRES. GEORGIAN HOUSE.

KENT.—To be SOLD, the above exceedingly choice PROPERTY, comprising an attractive Georgian RESIDENCE, with 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; pretty grounds; tennis lawn, etc.; good stabling; farmery; several cottages and 350 acres of good land.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

20 ACRES, HOUSE, STABLING, ETC.

£1,500. — **KENT.**—To be SOLD, an exceedingly choice FREEHOLD PLEASURE or POULTRY FARM, extending to about 20 acres (mostly grass); well-built and attractive Residence: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms. Also 4-roomed Bungalow; stabling and outbuildings, pretty gardens in grounds, lawns, rose garden, orchard.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

Mr. F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT.

72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

SURVEYOR, VALUER.

CLAPHAM PARK.

NOS. 15-30, CAVENDISH GARDENS, Trouville Road, Cavendish Road.

6 ROOMS, £50 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

Well-planned FLATS to be LET in this bracing district. Close to Clapham Common, and the City and West End are readily accessible by train, tram, 'bus, or tube. Pretty gardens in front, and excellent tennis lawns in rear. Tradesmen's lifts and resident porter. Accommodation: 2 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom (h. and c.), and usual offices.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

BATTERSEA PARK.

PRINCE OF WALES MANSIONS.

PRINCE OF WALES, PRIMROSE, PARK, Norfolk, Cyril, Albert Palace, Connaught, and Cambridge Mansions (close to station and overlooking the Park).

3 to 6 rooms, kitchen, bathroom (h. and c.).

Rents from £40 to £90 per annum (inclusive).

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

Or to the Estate Office, 21, Prince of Wales Mansions.

WEST HAMPSTEAD.

5 ROOMS, FROM £45 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

GONDAR GARDENS.—Self-contained SUITES in this select residential neighbourhood; within a few minutes of West End Lane Stations; with excellent train and motor-'bus services; all modern conveniences; bathroom (h. and c.).

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

MAIDA VALE.

LEITH MANSIONS.—A few excellent RESIDENTIAL FLATS to be LET in these fine buildings; will be redecorated to suit tenants' tastes. The premises overlook the Paddington Recreation Ground, and consequently enjoy an exceptional amount of light. Accommodation from 5 rooms, kitchen, and bathroom.

Rents, from £50 per annum, inclusive of rates and taxes.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

Or to Estate Office, 73, Elgin Mansions (close by).

WESTMINSTER.

3 ROOMS, FROM £60 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER PALACE GARDENS, Artillery Row.—BACHELOR and FAMILY SUITES to be LET, close to the Houses of Parliament, Army and Navy Stores, and Victoria Stations; catering on premises if desired; resident porters, passenger lifts; telephone, post and messenger boxes. All rents are inclusive of rates and taxes.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

FULHAM.

6 ROOMS, £55 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

WALSINGHAM MANSIONS, Fulham Road.—Close to Chelsea and Walham Green Railway Stations (overlooking Chelsea Football Ground), containing: 2 reception and 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, etc.; constant supply of hot water; resident porter on the premises.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

8 ROOMS, FROM £125 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

DRAYTON COURT, Drayton Gardens.—A charming FAMILY SUITE to be LET; will be decorated to suit the taste of incoming tenant; the premises are thoroughly up to date, and fitted throughout with electric light, lifts, telephones, etc.; liveried porters.

Apply to the Estate Office, No. 20, Drayton Court.

Or to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

MAIDA VALE.

5 ROOMS, £45 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

CASTELLAIN MANSIONS, Castellain Road.—A charming selection of FLATS to be LET in this select neighbourhood, having an excellent omnibus service to the City; the Flats are light and airy, are fitted with modern conveniences, including trade lifts, electric light, etc.; liveried porters in attendance.

Apply to the Estate Office, 73, Elgin Mansions, Elgin Avenue (close by).

Or to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

MAIDA VALE (Elgin Avenue).

6 ROOMS, FROM £60 PER ANNUM (inclusive).

LAUDERDALE MANSIONS, Lauderdale Road.—Well-planned FLATS to be LET; within 5 minutes of main road, from which there is a splendid service of motor-'buses; fitted in a thoroughly up-to-date manner, including electric light, etc.; resident porter; bathroom.

Apply, Estate Office, 73, Elgin Mansions, Elgin Avenue (close by).

Or to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

CLAPHAM COMMON (West Side).

NOS. 1-8 and 17-24, CLAPHAM MANSIONS.—Up-to-date FLATS, commanding an unrivalled position overlooking Clapham Common; standing well back from road, and approached by fine broad carriage drive; every facility for reaching the City and West End by train, tram, or tube; 2½ acres of gardens, and tennis lawns in rear.

Accommodation: 6 rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), kitchen, etc. Rents, from £65 per annum, inclusive of rates and taxes. Resident caretaker.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

WESTMINSTER.

25, VICTORIA STREET.

RENTS FROM £30 PER ROOM PER ANNUM.

A FEW EXCELLENT SUITES TO LET in this commodious building, situate within a few minutes' walk of the Houses of Parliament, Horse Guards, etc.; hydraulic lifts and all modern conveniences.

For further particulars apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

BELGRAVIA CHAMBERS, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.—A large and varied selection of handsome ROOMS to be LET in this well-known thoroughfare; close to Army and Navy Stores and Victoria Stations. The premises are replete with every modern convenience, including lifts, liveried attendants, etc. All the ROOMS are lofty, light, airy, and can be Let singly at from £35 per room, or in large and small suites at Rentals from £150 per annum. — For full particulars apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

MESSRS.

MILLAR, SON & CO.,

46, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Established 1803. Telephone: No. 3672 Gerrard.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION.

In the heart of the pine and heather country.

SOUTH ASCOT.—"THE GABLES," a choice Freehold, in this highly favoured district, occupying an elevated and secluded position, and approached by a carriage drive, luxuriously fitted with every comfort, and built regardless of cost: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, exquisitely

DECORATED IN EMPIRE STYLE.

Extensive lawns, shrubberies, wild woodlands; stabling; electric light, telephone; in all about 5½ ACRES.

MILLAR, SON and CO.

Will SELL by AUCTION, on Thursday, July 23.—Illustrated particulars of MILLARS, 46, Pall Mall, S.W.

SUSSEX AND KENT BORDERS.

"PICKFORD," TICEHURST (easy distance from Wadhurst, Tunbridge Wells, and 60 minutes from London).—An attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, situated out of the beaten track of motor traffic, standing 350ft. high, in its most beautiful grounds most profusely adorned. The Residence contains:

11 bed, 2 bath, | 4 reception, lounge hall; | farmery; 14 acres.

Stabling; walled garden; tennis lawn.

ALSO 3 COTTAGES.

MILLAR, SON and CO.

Will SELL by AUCTION, on Thursday, July 23.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. GODDEN, SON and HOLMES, 34, Old Jewry, E.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 46, Pall Mall, S.W.

"HOMELEIGH," WORPLESDON, a pretty COUNTRY COTTAGE; 2½ miles of the delightful old town of Guildford, with healthy breezes and pretty views, delightfully secluded Residence, containing:

6 bed, 1 dressing, | 3 reception, | small farmery; 10½ acres.

Bathroom; stabling; cottage; studio; old gardens with wide-spreading lawns, kitchen garden.

MILLAR, SON and CO.

Will SELL by AUCTION, on Thursday, July 23.—Illustrated particulars of the Auctioneers, 46, Pall Mall, S.W.

MESSRS.

MILLAR, SON & CO.,

46, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Established 1803. Telephone: No. 3672 Gerrard.

BROADSTAIRS, on the brow of the cliffs, with magnificent views.—To be LET, beautifully furnished, for a few months, a fine old HOUSE, recently almost rebuilt and now replete with all modern luxuries. Although so close to the sea, it possesses HEAVILY TIMBERED OLD GROUNDS with shady lawns and walks. The accommodation comprises fine suite of reception rooms, billiard, and 12 to 14 bedrooms.—Apply "D," Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£100 DOWN WILL SECURE a delightful RESIDENCE in an open situation, within 5 minutes' walk of Hanwell Station (G.W. Ry.). It contains: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices; gardens back and front. 92 years' Lease at £8 10s. Ground Rent.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,067, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture land, in all about 50 acres.—Apply Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.
300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. BEAUTIFUL SITUATION.

TO BE SOLD, a medium-sized RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of over 300 acres, with an attractive RESIDENCE, beautifully fitted, and in perfect order: large hall, 4 reception, billiard, and 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and complete offices; excellent stabling for 14 horses; attractive pleasure grounds, farmery, cottage, and 2 lodges.—Box K 3,910, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURROUNDED BY DELIGHTFUL OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN, 10 minutes of main line station, yet enjoying complete privacy.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE: large dining room with French windows opening to lawns, drawing room leading into conservatories, morning and breakfast rooms, above are 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light throughout; main drainage, Company's water; stabling for 2; the grounds, quite the feature of the Property, extend to 4½ acres, and contain some fine old specimen trees, full-sized tennis court, well-stocked kitchen garden and meadow; picturesque lake and boathouse; small farmery. An additional meadow of 4 acres could probably be rented if desired.—Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

40 MINUTES FROM LONDON, occupying a beautiful position in lovely country, and surrounded by fields and orchards. To be LET or SOLD, the above picturesque old FARMHOUSE, approached by a private road, and containing: old oak-beamed hall, 3 reception rooms, and usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room, 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4, double coach-house, with good men's rooms over; the grounds extend to about 1 acre, but more could be rented or purchased; acetylene gas.—Apply, Box K 3,939, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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BEAUTIFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY for SALE.—Delightfully situated on the brow of the Hill. Detached, non-basement RESIDENCE, *well back from the road, and approached by a carriage drive, with lodge entrance.* Good stabling and most picturesque grounds of about an acre, but which seem much larger owing to the unique planning. Quaint old tea-house with verandah in the gardens, which are full of fruit trees and flower-beds. A vegetable garden, paddock, and fowl-run adjoining can be rented for an additional £6 per annum. 8 bedrooms, large boxroom (easily be converted into two more bedrooms), 2 bathrooms. Handsome drawing room, large dining room, library. *Fine music saloon, fitted massive organ, having large gallery room approached by separate staircase. Winter garden, lounge hall,* and complete offices. Large dry cellarage. Moderate terms.—Box HS, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED, good YACHTING RESIDENCE at Sea View, Isle of Wight. Detached, standing in an acre of garden, within easy distance of seashore and golf links, with fine view of Solent: 3 reception rooms, kitchen, with usual offices, and pantry; small stable and coach-house; 8 bedrooms and 2 dressing rooms.—Apply, WOODNUTT and Co., St. Helens, Isle of Wight.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—To be SOLD, by AUCTION, by

E. G. RIGHTON and SON,

On Monday, July 13, 1908, at the "King's Head" Hotel, Evesham, at 4 for 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and subject to conditions, a valuable FREEHOLD FAMILY RESIDENCE called "THE LODGE," with beautifully timbered, park-like grounds, 17a. or. 27p. or thereabouts, situated on the outskirts of the town of Evesham. An old-fashioned Family Residence, beautifully private, standing on high ground (about 208ft. above sea level), with gravel subsoil and Southern aspect, having lovely views of the Bredon, Cotswold, and Malvern Hills and the grand Vale of Evesham. It is surrounded by tastefully laid-out gardens, lawns, and park-like grounds studded with fine, well-matured trees; approached by a long carriage drive with lodge entrance, and screened from the back road by a belt of fine trees and shrubs, and from the main road by a plantation of 42 yards average width of fully developed trees and shrubs, thereby entirely sheltering the House and grounds from motors and motor dust and keeping them exceedingly private. The outbuildings comprise: stabling for 6 horses, double coach-houses, harness room, and covered washing way with loft over, cow pens, large covered shed, potting shed and tool house with loft over; the pasture field, called the Lawn, is studded with fine, well-matured trees, which give it a park-like appearance, and comprises, with the gardens, lawns, shrubberies, and premises, an acreage of 17a. or. 27p., all in a ring fence, and forming a very desirable Residential Property. Possession can be had at Michaelmas, 1908.—For further particulars and cards to view, apply Messrs. BYRCH, COX and SON, Solicitors, Evesham; or the Auctioneers, Evesham, Alcester, and Pershore. (6,176)

HAMPSTEAD.—Superior detached family RESIDENCE, comprising: 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, large hall, kitchen and usual offices. Long Lease at moderate Ground Rent.—Box KF 8,007, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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ABBREVIATED LIST OF "CYCLAX" REMEDIES

"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.—Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price 7/6 and 4/-.

"CYCLAX" SPECIAL LOTION.—The keynote of the proper treatment of the skin. Cleanses it immediately from all impurities and acidity, blackheads, &c. Price 10 6 and 5 6.

"CYCLAX" COMPLEXION MILK.—Whitens the Skin. Eradicates blemishes. Price 7 6 and 4/-.

"CYCLAX" SALUSTA LOTION.—Most effective sedative and soothing preparation. Admirable for use as protection against extremes of heat and cold. Price 8 6 and 4 6.

"CYCLAX" REDUCING FLUID.—Produces marvellous results in cases of corpulency. Reduces bulk without causing any inconvenience. Absolutely harmless and innocuous. Price 10 6 or 12/6.

THE "CYCLAX" CHIN-STRAP.—For the treatment of the Skin and Muscles of the Throat. Removes wrinkles under the Chin. Price 6 6.

"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION.—Is specially compounded to be used with the above Chin-Strap, and never fails to restore contour of the Face.

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"CYCLAX" HAIR STIMULANT.—Most reliable and effective. Immediately stops falling hair, restores it to its natural colour, stimulates the scalp, and gives the gloss of youth to the hair. Price 7/6 and 4/-.

"CYCLAX" EYE LOTION.—Relieves strain. Clears and brightens the Eyes, and strengthens the sight. Perfect tonic. Price 6 6.

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Something Out of the Conventional in Bathing Attire

Last year we had quite a little success in these pages with an original bathing dress design, and, again, this season Dorothy Millar and I decided to disclose a small private venture of our own, that, having been thoroughly tested and found in no wise wanting, may be regarded in the light of a privilege.

The salient advantage of this model is the entire absence of opening back and front, the depth of the yoke allowing free ingress at that end, subsequent to which the shoulders are buttoned as shown in the picture. There is obvious reason, too, in the fulled-on lower part, which is cut in one with the knickers, these being kept as short as possible, and not drawn into the leg by elastic.

The idea has been expressed in striped galatea, and is worn with black silk tights, while the cap is a dainty affair of silk mackintosh, drawn in by a ribbon forming a bow at the one side.

The New Milkmaid Bonnet

This is simply an ideal piece of headgear for seaside and country wear, one, moreover, that has received marked favour at the hands of some of our most beautiful women.

Carried out in white linen, the shapely brim, just slightly stiffened, tied round by a broad taffeta ribbon, in some colour becoming to the wearer, the charm afforded a fresh face is beyond all describing.

For Holiday Wear

The new milkmaid bonnet for the country or seaside, carried out in white linen, slightly stiffened, and broad taffeta ribbon

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

London's New Jewel House

All who have seen and admired the delightfully artistic buildings devoted to French Applied Arts at the Franco-British Exhibition will recognise the same artistic ideals in the building opened last week by Messrs. Leopold, Ltd., at 65-67, Regent Street. The genius of Messrs. J. M. Boekbinder, Ltd., the designers in question, pervades this beautiful Salon de Bijouterie. The ground floor is devoted to specially designed and chaste jewels, displayed in a novel manner, whence a beautifully carved semi-circular staircase converges towards the first floor, decorated in the Louis XV. style. This is set apart for gold ware, leather goods, and mounted dressing bags, all again displayed in most happy fashion. In the basement are to be found several rooms devoted to silver ware and cut glass. Messrs. Leopold, Ltd., have, without doubt, come to stay, and to lovers of the beautiful, such a casket as is their shop forms a fitting setting to the exquisite jewels displayed within.

Madame Robert, 25, Dover Street

During the next week or so, until, indeed, the surplus stock is exhausted, Madame Robert—who has so quickly jumped to fame—is selling off all her millinery at considerably reduced rates. And they are bargains of a most exceptional order of excellence.

THE MENU

SOME AMERICAN BREAD AND CAKES

Strawberry Shortcake

Mix with one pint of flour a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a pinch of salt, then rub in 2½oz. of lard or butter. Now dissolve half a level teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in sufficient milk to form the flour into a stiff dough, divide this into two parts and lay on a baking-tin, having ornamented the edges. When baked, cut off the upper pieces of crust, butter the inner sides lightly, and place a layer one inch thick of strawberries, slightly mashed and sweetened, between the two crusts. Garnish the top with strawberries sprinkled with castor sugar, cut in slices, and pour thick cream over. This is a very tasty dish, and very suitable just now when strawberries are so plentiful.

Home-Made Bread

Well warm a large basin and put in 5lb. of flour and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Break 1oz. of yeast in small pieces, and beat with one teaspoonful of sugar until quite liquid (a wooden spoon is best). Now add half a cup of warm water, drop by drop, add a little flour, and sprinkle on top, then leave to rise in a warm place — it will take about fifteen minutes. To mix: make a hole in flour, put in half of water, then pour in the yeast and remaining water; mix all slowly and knead well for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the dough feels light, then divide in four parts and put in warm, greased tins; put sufficient dough to half fill the tins, cover with flannel and leave about forty or fifty minutes; it should then have risen to the top of the tins; at once put in a hot oven, and bake from three-quarters to one hour.

Oat Cake

Quarter of a pound of coarse oatmeal, ¼lb. of flour, a dash of sugar, a little salt, ¼lb. of lard or dripping, a good teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix all to a light dough with milk; roll out thin, and bake on a tin sheet. Break to any size required. Do not cut with a knife before or after. Bake a light golden.

American Dough Nuts

Take 1lb. of light dough made as for bread. When well risen, add one tablespoonful of melted lard, one teaspoonful of moist sugar, one egg beaten, and part of a nutmeg grated, or grated lemon-peel. Set the basin in a warm place, and leave the dough to rise; roll out as for rusks, cut into rounds the size of a tumbler, and cut a small round out of the middle of each. Have ready some boiling fat, drop the dough in, and fry a golden brown. Serve hot with sugar sprinkled over them.

Coffee Cake

Break into a basin three eggs, add ½lb. of castor sugar, a few drops of vanilla essence, a pinch of ground cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of strong coffee. Whip all these together over a pan of boiling water until the mixture is quite warm, then remove the basin and continue whipping until it becomes cold and thick. Then add 1oz. of finely shredded candied peel, a pinch of baking powder, and 3oz. of flour, dried and sifted. Have a greased baking-tin ready, line it with buttered paper, pour in the mixture and bake for about twenty-five minutes. Turn out and leave till cold. It may be served plain or with coffee glacé.

Emilia.

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Remember also that there is no more delicious dinner sweet than stewed fruit and blancmange made with Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour.

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A Woman's Note Book

Man and Romance

We all fancied that pageantitis would die last year of its own excess, but behold the pretty play has arisen rejuvenated and in full vigour. On consideration, indeed, one discovers that it fulfils a human instinct, and in that case may be expected to continue as long as the world does, and quite possibly it is raging in other planetary systems. We have grown so horribly utilitarian. Yet only on the surface, for man was by nature intended to be a romantic animal, though it sounds dreadfully like Carlyle to say so. Therefore, he (man, and not Carlyle) yearns pathetically for his own past, when things were more soul-satisfying, if not equally comfortable. Now, there is a sort of soul-satisfaction in playing at romance without having to relinquish present-day luxuries and conveniences. Besides, pageantitis is local, which appeals to little man in a personal manner as a friend compared with friendship. It arouses his enthusiasm, and, consequently, his genius. For genius, too, is personal, though that is a fact we have forgotten, and, consequently, at the moment it lies a dead giant among us. Our philanthropy, education, very life itself, are reduced to the merely scientific.

The Science of Temper

Speaking about being too scientific reminds me of Mr. Chesterton's protest in a contemporary against "the pretence of teaching things scientifically which are not in their nature scientific"—as illustrated, for instance, by a wife's temper. "No man," he asserts, "would dare to predict his wife's temper even falsely." Well, of course, I don't know what man dare do, nor even how much he can do with the certainty in which he himself can assert it; but I venture to suggest that some of the most unreasonable things, like tempers, are capable of exact analysis, and, however fitful, yet have a principle in their very seeming evasiveness, though it may only be one of determined contrariness. After all, is a woman's temper more inexplicable—say—than influenza, and less easy to diagnose? Perhaps we want lady doctors. Yet occasionally men are successful not only in bearing, but in understanding the moods of their households, and I think more men would be able to deal competently with their wives' tempers if they did not go to an extreme either of hope or pessimism; if, in a word, they understood the difficulty of the subject without despairing of it.

LADY PHYLLIS.

A Pianist of Promise

At the Steinway Hall last Wednesday evening was given a most creditable pianoforte recital by Miss Elsie Hall. In semi-darkness—practically the only illumination was one lamp on the platform—she was heard to great advantage in Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata, Schumann's Fantasia, Op 17, a group of Chopin works, and several other pieces. Though now and again points were missed, Miss Hall is a pianist of promise, of whom we may expect to hear more in the future.

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The Editor's Box

For the Toilet

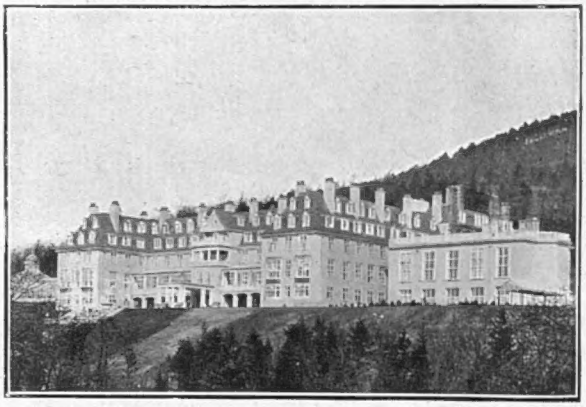
Reliable toilet preparations are essential in these days of quack and shoddy remedies, and it is to the preparations of Messrs. Osborne, Bauer and Cheeseman that we particularly wish to draw our readers' attention, for none are prepared with greater care and none are more efficacious in use. One of the best-known lines is Glymiel Jelly, a delightful preparation, sold in tubes at 6*d*., 1*s*., and 1*s*. 6*d*., for roughness and sunburn. This has had a testing of forty years, a sufficient testimonial in itself. For removing spots and blemishes from the face "Spottine" is invaluable; while this firm's Nafatha Soap, made from perfected coal tar, is the most satisfactory for household use, being a disinfectant.

Peebles Hotel Hydropathic

For the combined advantages of thorough enjoyment outdoors and indoors, and permanent restoration to health, few holidays can compare with one spent at the Peebles Hotel Hydropathic. All its appointments are on the most sumptuous scale, and whilst being on the lines of a modern, high-class hotel, have at the same time that home comfort which is so delightful. The cuisine is of the highest order, and meals are served in the spacious dining-room at separate tables and with every luxury. The surroundings and scenery of Peebles are among the most beautiful in Scotland. Every variety of amusement is to hand, and out of doors lovers of croquet, tennis, bowls, etc., can find ample opportunities in the spacious grounds. Close by a new eighteen-hole golf course has been opened. In the extensive cellarage every accommodation is given for motors. Those who are seeking restoration to health will be able to have the advantage of the advice of a resident medical specialist, well versed in all the best Continental methods of electrical treatment, hygiene, etc. The bookings for the ensuing season are very heavy, and intending visitors should communicate early with the Managing Director, Mr. A. M. Thiem, from whom a booklet, containing exhaustive information, can be had on application.

Aitchison's Prism Field Glasses

To all purchasers of which are now presented certificates guaranteeing their accuracy after undergoing tests at the Kew Observatory



For a Healthful Holiday: Peebles Hydro

The "Daily Chronicle" Summer Number

Always a good pennyworth, this publication is more so than ever this year. Its eight complete stories are written by well-known authors—J. Sackville Martin, Tom Gallon, R. E. Vernède, Roma White, Jane Wardle, and Captain F. H. Shaw among them—and its many illustrations, more especially those of C. E. Brock, D. Macpherson, and H. R. Millar, are admirable.

Testing Prism Field Glasses

The ordinary user of field glasses has always been considerably handicapped in his selection because he frequently has to buy the glass before he can become expert in its use, consequently he is not capable of judging until it is too late to make the best use of his knowledge. In future there need be no difficulty in selection, for Messrs. Aitchison and Co., the London opticians, the first to demonstrate the capabilities of large object-glasses for Prism Field Glasses, have decided that all their glasses of the Night Marine, Day Marine, and Stellar types are to be sent to the National Physical Laboratory, and to pass the official test before being sold. The glasses mentioned will, after being manufactured in their own London workshops by Messrs. Aitchison and Co., be sent to the Kew Observatory, and before certificates are granted will be subjected to the most severe tests to see that the magnification is not less than stated, and that the definition and achromatism are good. The glass, after being tested, is, if passed, engraved with the official Kew mark by the authorities of the Laboratory, and a certificate is granted signed by Dr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S., giving particulars mentioned, which is subsequently presented to every purchaser.

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